Saturday Night

October 10, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

This is the time of year when the keening cries of migrating birds on their way to new homes mingle with the harsh expletives of various groups of people who gather to bewail, among other things, the lack of new homes. The housing problem, which is bad each Spring, becomes tragic each Autumn, it seems. Indeed, Donald MacDonald, Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Congress of Labor, described it the other day as "a terrifying situation, for which there are no words in the English language strong enough to picture it adequately." And the blame for it all, we are told, must be placed on the Government.

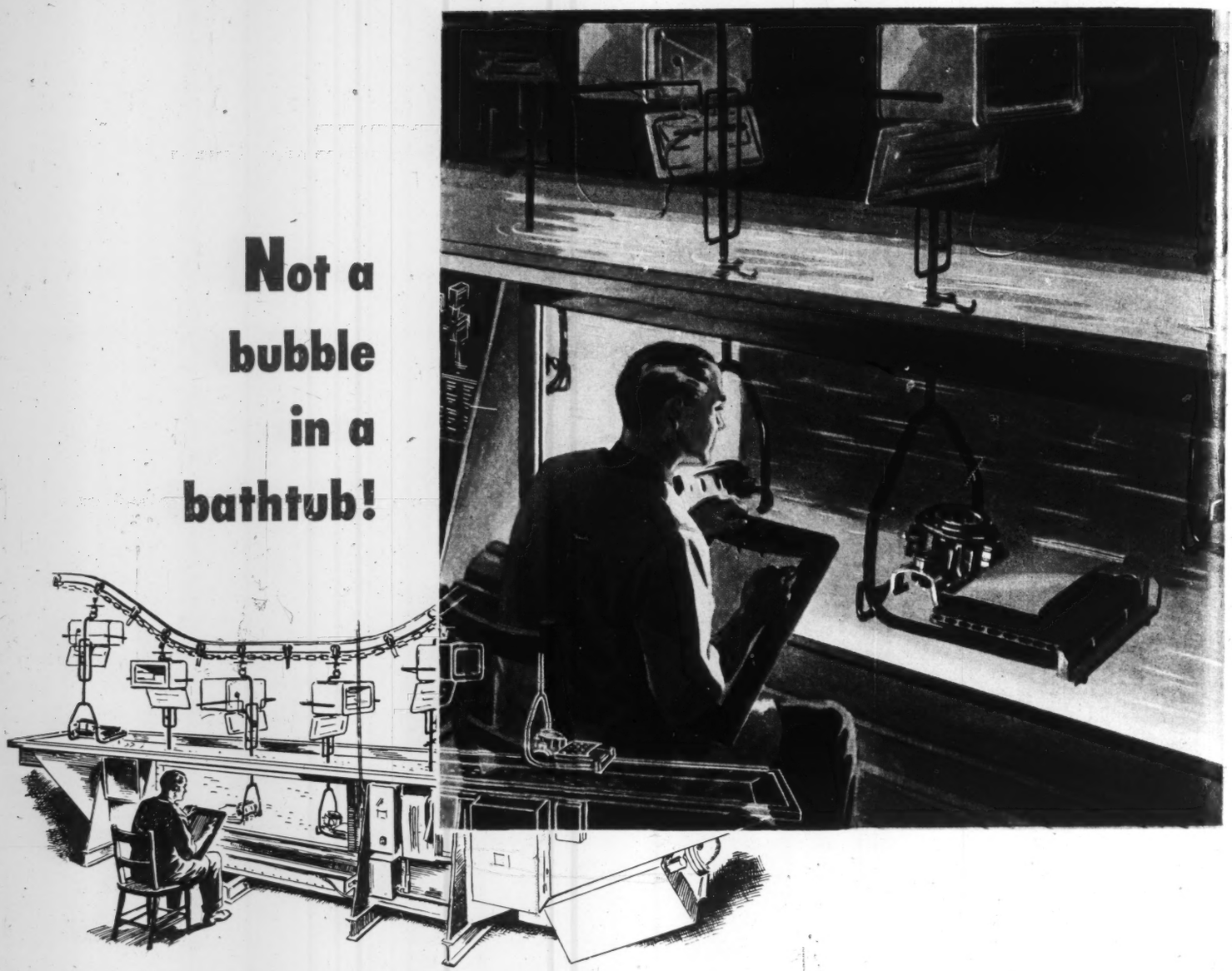
There is no doubt that Federal and Provincial governments could do much to stimulate building of houses, short of going into the housing business themselves. But before they do, they should find out as much as they can about the various costs that go into the building, and pass on the information they obtain to the public so that the people who must pay, in one way or another, for everything any government does, can form some reasonable opinion of their own on this cloudy subject.

There can be such a dis-

Donald McKague

LESTER B. PEARSON: No change in External Affairs *(Page 4)*

Not a bubble in a bathtub!



Moving slowly through the leak-test tank, the heart of another GM Frigidaire Refrigerator successfully passes the expert scrutiny of the 'bubble hunter'. His job is to hunt for the minute air escape that rejects *only* one unit in thousands—his method no more complex than checking an inner tube for a puncture, and yet when later each refrigerating system is pumped out, its pressure resistance is of vital importance. Throughout the GM organization thousands of workers each day contribute their efforts to GM's pursuit of perfection. Many of their jobs may seem small in themselves, but each is an essential contribution to the superb safety and efficiency that typifies all GM products. It is on the little things that the greatness of a company and its products depends—on the efficient operation of its smallest unit, on the dependability and pride in craftsmanship of its individual workers. It is this attention to little things that is your guarantee of outstanding value in any product bearing the name General Motors.

GENERAL MOTORS

LEADERSHIP GM ENGINEERING · RESEARCH

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA LIMITED — OSHAWA AND WINDSOR

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA LIMITED — LEASIDE AND SCARBOROUGH

GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED — LONDON

THE McKINNON INDUSTRIES LIMITED — ST. CATHARINES AND GRANTHAM TOWNSHIP

PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

parity between the prices of houses, not only in the same city but in the same residential area, that we need to know much more about the costs of land, material, labor, services and so on before we can decide with any sort of logic what should go into a national housing policy.

Just about the time Mr. MacDonald was talking about the average worker not being able to afford even the homes built under Central Mortgage and Housing arrangements, a group of ratepayers in the Toronto suburb of Mount Dennis finished the first of a dozen planned houses. Mr. MacDonald said that the average cost of Central Mortgage housing was $10,131, with the cheapest home costing $8,391. The Mount Dennis house was priced at $7,300, and the down payment on it set at $700; other houses like it in the district are valued at between $14,000 and $15,000.

There is a curious spread between these prices, and a government should want to know why, before it gets into the business itself. Indeed, it might very well be found that governments at the various levels are responsible for some of the spread, by clinging to obsolete patterns of land development and to archaic building codes. All this should be considered fundamental information, necessary before any policy can be devised—necessary even to an examination of whether or not any extensive subsidization of housing in the long run means the building of fewer houses.

The Nation's Health

ARE WE becoming a nation of hypochondriacs? A while back, the newspapers found that readers were avid for advice on how to take off or put on weight, and for a time calorie charts displaced even children, dogs and cheesecake as front-page art. Ultimately, of course, the dietary interest died, but recently the Vancouver papers found a new way of profiting from people's nervous concern with themselves. It started when *The Province* began holding forums; *The Sun*, not to be outdone, imported its own medical expert and thousands flocked to hear him. With this robust rivalry going on, Vancouver citizens have been able to spend many an enjoyable evening listening to doctors scare the daylights out of them. If this sort of thing keeps up, city editors will have to serve internships, and the rest of us will end up either disgustingly healthy or permanent outpatients.

Nerve Investigator

WHEN THE Best Institute, the new centre for medical research, was opened in Toronto the other day, one of the principals in the official ceremonies was Sir Henry Dale, Nobel Prize winner, possessor of enough titles, degrees and honors to fill one of these columns in the telling, and the man picked by British medical authorities to come to Canada back in 1921 to investigate the discovery of insulin by Doctors Banting and Best. We dropped around to pay our respects to Sir Henry, who is a robust 78-year-old now, and found him in the process of changing from a light brown to a dark brown suit.

"On my way to listen to a speech," he said. "It's nice to listen for a change. I'm supposed to be retired now, but it seems there are always people who want to hear me talk. I was speaking down in Philadelphia before coming here, and I'll be returning to the States for a few days before going back to London on the Queen Mary."

We recalled that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize in 1936 for his research into the transmission of impulses from nerve cells to muscle, and sought a simple explanation of his work. "I shared that prize," he said. "Prof. Otto Loewi of Graz went halves on it, although he, poor chap, never laid hands on his half—it was confiscated along with his property by the Nazis, when they let him leave Austria before the war. We had both been investigating the way in which an impulse from the brain was transmitted along the nerve fibres to the muscles. Up to that time it was thought that, as the fibres weren't actually joined to the muscles, the impulses must jump, something like an ordinary electrical impulse. What we found was that the impulse released a fluid—acetyl choline, it's called—which bridges the gap. When that fluid isn't present, the muscle is, in fact, paralyzed."

As he talked, Sir Henry kept moving his fingers to illustrate the way a muscle works when an impulse is transmitted to it by the brain. The explanation finished, the fingers quit wiggling and straightened as he smoothed the lapels on the well-cut suit. "Got to be on my way now," he said, and we were hard put to beat him to the door.

Toronto Star

SIR HENRY DALE: The impulse released the fluid.

Note for Whistlers

WE HAVE an uneasy feeling that the people who have been experimenting with whistles should stop right now, and turn to some less dangerous form of research such as measuring the effect of a gas flame on nitro-glycerine. Whistles have already been produced which attract various kinds of animals and birds, and now an Italian has invented a whistle which, he claims, is irresistible to butterflies. If this sort of thing keeps up, there is no telling what creatures will come piling into the living room—even people, probably, if someone happens to blow the right note.

What Can They Say?

THE FORCEFUL Belgian statesman, Paul-Henri Spaak, wound up a debate in the Council of Europe a short while ago by declaring: "I cannot believe in 1953 it is enough to put four men in a room to solve the problems of peace. What can these men say? In turn, President Eisenhower, Mr. Churchill and M. Laniel would say they wanted peace, and then Malenkov would give them a spectacular reply in saying all problems can be solved peacefully."

Mr. Spaak over-simplified, of course. Sir Winston, we believe, would have a great deal to say to Mr. Malenkov that might clear the air considerably. However, it is probably true that the general course of the conversation could be charted well in advance, and, as President Eisenhower has said several times, Mr. Malenkov and his colleagues have yet to demonstrate that their words have any relation to their deeds.

"What can these men say?" It is a favorite form of day-dreaming to wish to be present at such conversations. There was one a few weeks ago we would have given much to hear: Churchill (on the same day that he was rumored to have died) had lunch with Lord Beaverbrook, Somerset Maugham and Sir Gerald Kelly of the Royal Academy. What did they talk about, these greatly gifted men, as they sat in the sun of a Riviera Sunday? Did they drowse, as old men do, and mingle trivialities with the fumes of the brandy and cigars? Did they range the world, from weather to war, punctuating each sentence with the rich wisdom of experience and accomplishment? We may find out, some day, in a Beaverbrook anecdote or a Maugham reminiscence; until then, the speculation makes a pleasant diversion for an idle mind when it is exhausted by worry over such a question as Mr. Spaak's.

How to Advertise

AT THE LAST we heard, the U.S. Navy was sticking to its ban on the film *From Here to Eternity*, which deals with army life in Hawaii just before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The film, the Navy said, was "derogatory to a sister service." But the U.S. Army didn't think so—it even helped to make the picture at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii. Are U.S. sailors more sensitive, more impressionable than U.S. soldiers? We hope not, because one way or another the sailors will get to see the film; the edict of the admirals made that a certainty.

Half and Half

FOUR YEARS ago the British Government, then headed by Clement Attlee, set up a Royal Commission to study the possibilities of modifying the death penalty. As many British parliamentarians said at the time, the commissioners were given an absurd task; the issue is not how considerate a state should be to the person whose life it is about to take, but how capital punishment can be justified by any state which prides itself on being civilized and enlightened. The report of the British Commission was published a couple of weeks ago, and the sum of its four years of work was this: perhaps the death penalty would not be quite so bad if we were very, very nice to the condemned man before we hanged him.

The uneasiness of public conscience in the matter of putting a man to death has been revealed time and again. The most recent revelation in this country came during a session of a committee of the Ontario Legislature; there should be a central place for executions, it was said, because too many communities were upset by hangings in local jails. The report of the British Commission shows the same unease. Here are some of the

The Front Page

Commission's suggestions: the condemned man should have a radio set in his death cell, and the prison doctor should be "indulgent" with sedatives; there should be a wider interpretation of insanity in judging the extent of criminal responsibility; a murder trial should be held in two parts, with the jury deciding first if the accused person was guilty or innocent and then if the sentence should be life imprisonment or death.

To suggest that the condemned person be kept amused or drugged until the moment the trap is sprung, is sheer hypocrisy. It is an admission that the death penalty is too savage a punishment, and at the same time an attempt to condone that savagery by making it painless to the victim. The concern of so many people over the mental suffering of the condemned man while awaiting death and the physical suffering inflicted by the method of execution is the same shallow emotion that makes so many of us bewail poverty and disease without impelling us to do anything to lessen those evils.

We can respect those who honestly believe that capital punishment as presently carried out by Canada and Britain is necessary for the protection of society, though we disagree violently with them. But there can be no respect for those who are squeamish but who still want a little bit of death.

First and Last

ON TUESDAY, Oct. 20, it will be exactly 30 years since Sgt. William Lockhart transmitted the first wireless message from Mayo, in the Yukon, to inaugurate the Canadian Army's radio system in the Northwest Territories and Yukon. We were interested in the anniversary, and seeking the man who had sent that first message, we found him holding down the top job in his department, a Colonel now, and director of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals.

"As the original operators of the Northwest system," he said, "we were very clear as to what we were to do—to open up the Canadian North. We all realized that after us would come the aircraft services and the final breakdown of the North's isolation."

We got the impression that although Col. Lockhart was proud of being the first person to send a radio message over the Northwest system, he thought more of being the last man on a couple of occasions. In 1945 he was Field Marshal Montgomery's signals officer at Tactical Headquarters of the 21st Army Group during the negotiations for a German surrender; he copied the message from the German Supreme Command at Flensburg authorizing Jodl to sign the terms of surrender, the news was phoned to Allied Supreme Headquarters, and the war was over. Later, when the last Canadian soldiers left Holland, he was the one to close down the Canadian Army's switchboard in Apeldoorn.

He returned to Canada to become Command Signals Officer, Western Command, at Edmonton, and moved up to Director of the Corps in 1949. He is nostalgic about his early days in the Northwest, and has taken a keen personal, as well as professional, interest in the growth of the service he inaugurated; now its 20 stations run from the Yukon to Aklavik, 1,300 miles north of Edmonton, to Ennadai Lake, 300 miles northwest of Port Churchill, and despite the increase in air travel, it provides many hardy inhabitants of the North with their only direct link with the outside world. These people pay the Army ordinary commercial cable rates, and the Army has an arrangement with the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National telegraph systems to relay the messages to their final destinations.

His hobbies are collecting miniature bottles (he has hundreds of them) and photography, but in conversation he keeps coming back to his favorite topic, the Corps of Signals. Even when he's in civilian clothes, he invariably wears a Signal Corps tie.

National Defence

COL. WILLIAM LOCKHART: The end of isolation.

A Quiet Wedding

WE WERE touched by the simplicity of the ceremony which united in marriage the entertainers Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes. The only guests were nine friends of the bride and groom, plus reporters, photographers, and television and newsreel cameramen; also present were Miss Hayworth's two children by two other husbands; and the quiet vows were exchanged in the conference room of a hotel in Las Vegas, where the clicking of dice and whir of roulette wheels could scarcely be heard over the shuffling of the assembled newsmen. Miss Hayworth and Mr. Haymes, according to the reports, were "as nervous as beginners," which proves that even veteran performers get stage fright (it was the fourth marriage for both), and Miss Hayworth acted like an excited and inexperienced bride—which leads us to believe that she may have a talent she has not so far exhibited on the screen.

There have been simpler ceremonies than this, but seldom in the peculiar little world of turn-about and slightly soiled fantasy inhabited by the Hayworths and the Haymes. We suppose it is real to them, for it is their own world—and they can have it.

Time for a Specialist

WHEN LESTER B. PEARSON left the foreign service to become the Secretary of State for External Affairs, it was taken for granted that he would be an odds-on favorite to win the leadership of the Liberal party when it came time to choose a successor to Louis St. Laurent. Since then, he has lived up to expectations as a Minister, but his chances of becoming his party's leader are considerably dimmer now than they were when he first took office. Perhaps Mr. Pearson's realization of this helped to bring about his decision not to seek broader cabinet experience, but it is just as likely that it was his intensive interest in his job that influenced him, along with the knowledge that, if ever there was a time when the state of foreign affairs called for the utmost in careful diplomacy, that time is now.

Not since Stalin first grasped at power in Russia has there been such uncertainty in the leadership of the Soviet world. There are shifts of interest and motives in the European Defence Community. There are changes and deviations in the foreign policy of the United States—or at least in the practical applications of that policy. The ending of the war in Korea has increased, rather than diminished, the stresses in the Far East. All together, international affairs present a challenge which any specialist as experienced and skilled as Mr. Pearson would find difficult not to accept.

In a time of clamorous argument and headline diplomacy, there is a need for people who prefer to do their haggling and damning in private and give their explanations in public later. Mr. Pearson has often declared his belief that there should be no secret covenants, but that the discussions leading to possible agreements should be carried on in private, where the bitterness of heated debate cannot flavor the thinking of whole nations. Because of this, he has been accused of favoring back-room diplomacy, but the charge is not just. One of his finest achievements as an External Affairs Minister has been his removal of the shroud of secrecy which had covered the Ministry. He has done a great deal to make Canadians realize that foreign affairs are everybody's business, and not a remote subject of academic interest to a few theorists.

By sticking to his Department, Mr. Pearson may be confirming his position as a specialist, but there is no doubt that the national interest is being well served.

The Tearful Cheese

A REALLY great cheese is one of man's finest accomplishments, and it is odd that this fact has not earned more recognition from the people whose palates have been as sensitive as their feeling for language. "Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly," says Ben Gunn in *Treasure Island,* and Eugene Field asked the Lord to bless him with apple pie and cheese, but not too many others have recorded the delight to be found in a good cheese. It was with pleasure, then, we ran across a little booklet published by the Danish Cheese Export Board, produced by someone possessed of a rare enthusiasm for his (or her) subject. "Samsoe is a golden cheese," we read, "and its holes shine with the promise of joy to come—like sunlit dewdrops on a Danish summer morning." And: "A luxuriant cheese with an aroma . . . reminding you of sun and summer, of waving cornfields, and the clean scents of harvest time"; "red and round, it looks jolly and comfortable"; "a noble cheese, white with blue veins"; "a giant cheese . . . white with large holes that often cry the most beautiful tears." Our taste-buds tingled, but we fear we shall approach a Danish cheese with great diffidence from now on; one must be hard of heart to bite into something that weeps beautiful tears.

Kings of Arms

IN DISCUSSING heraldry last week, we did not give the Kings of Arms their full due, referring only to Sir Arthur Cochrane, whose title is Clarenceux King of Arms. The English College of Heralds consists of the Garter and Norroy Kings of Arms as well as Clarenceux. In Scotland, heraldic matters are regulated by the Lyon King of Arms and in Northern Ireland by the Ulster King of Arms. Their duties are to assign new coats of arms and to trace lineages to determine heraldic rights and privileges. They proclaim the accession of a new monarch and are present at state occasions.

Letters

People and Culture

WE HAVE always enjoyed reading the letters to the Editor in your excellent journal but we think the letter written by Mr. S. Carslake just about the most stupid we have ever read . . .

After spending a few months on the continent, he has the ego to set himself up as an authority on European culture: he should spend thirty years there as we have done, then he would have some idea of what he is trying to talk about.

We have encountered tourists on the continent just like Mr. Carslake who spend their time slumming around tenth rate pubs and questionable bistros seeking cheap sensation. If these people confine themselves to the slums they can only expect to find slum culture . . . whether it be on the Rue Cleopatra or on Jarvis Street.

Toronto C. HARCOURT-NASH

AS A CANADIAN *emi*grant perhaps I have no business being aroused at the letter by Mr. Philip Camp in SATURDAY NIGHT (Sept. 12).

On the other hand, my parents were Canadian *im*migrants. They found for themselves and for their family a land of opportunity. It's true that they "jabbered" in what the Indians and French would have considered an "outlandish tongue" a few centuries ago—English. But I cannot remember any occasion when they denied the privileges of Canadian life to any of our neighbors who came from other lands.

Frankly I don't think that Mr. Camp needs to worry about your "new Canadians" having difficulties in assimilating *his* "speech, manners and morals": but I hope for the good of my homeland that they find some better example!

(THE REV.) VINCENT R. BROWNE
Ridgway, Pa.

I READ with interest your letter from Mr. Stephen Carslake which referred to another letter on the same subject —culture. Mr. Carslake points out that "culture" in the different countries which he has visited is made up of Fish and Chip shops in England, open sewers and the like in Italy, and so forth. I wonder if Mr. Carslake stopped to look at the word in the dictionary? Its translation is given as "refinement" or words to that effect. Surely Mr. Carslake is straying from interpreting the meaning of this word . . . Doesn't he mean rather that he has observed different "customs" or types of architecture? When he says the culture of any country is indicated by its sewers, or cheap wine, I rather think his hammer . . . is missing the nail.

Hamilton, Ont. TERRY KING

Mountain Climbing

CORRESPONDENT Robert Hill, of Vernon, BC, surprises me! That a Canadian (presumably) should suggest that Canadians might not have the "guts" to climb Everest, is an insult to the many patient and enduring mountaineers Canada has produced. Perhaps they are not so many in proportion to population as in NZ, which is practically all mountains, whereas the greater part of Canada is plains, but the strong clubs of climbers in this country, of one of which the Rt. Hon. Leopold Amery is a member, have done much to promote not only the knowledge of mountain lore and safety in climbing, but assisted during the Great War in the training of mountain troops and later in the initiation of para-rescue work. One group did an excellent job of voluntary rescue work a year ago when an air party came to grief near their camp. However, they are reticent about their exploits—publicity is their lone weak point! . . .

Calgary (MRS.) CLARA A. COLEMAN

The MacLennan Theory

ONE HESITATES, especially from this distance, to take issue with so perceptive a student of racial relations in Canada as Mr. Hugh MacLennan but some of the remarks in his Letter from Montreal (Sept. 5), invite comment.

We may pass over his rather novel and highly dubious doctrine that the recent election was "pointless" since the return of the St. Laurent Government was assured. We may even put aside his analysis of Quebec voting habits with the observation that the technique of voting one way provincially and the other way federally was "invented" by the voters of Ontario long before "the uncanny political shrewdness of French Canada" revealed its possibilities to the voters of Quebec. At least an examination of election results in the three decades or so after Confederation seems to suggest this.

Mr. MacLennan apparently attaches some importance to the revival of the Conservative party in the country generally and in Quebec particularly. Its unpopularity in that province he attributes to "years of Conservative ignorance and folly" and, more especially, to the alleged fact that the "Federal Tories rode roughshod over French Canada in the first World War."

In fact, the decline of the Conservative party in Quebec, for reasons more numerous and complex than its own "ignorance and folly," goes back at least as far as the general election of 1896. In that contest the Conservatives won 16 of 65 Quebec seats; in 1900 they got only 7; in 1904 and 1908 they raised the figure to 11; and in 1911, with the help of their temporary Nationalist allies, they managed to capture 27.

Then came the war and with it, according to Mr. MacLennan and the firmly entrenched dogma of Liberal mythology, the Federal Tory policy of riding roughshod over Quebec. Admitting that mistakes were made in recruiting and training policies, admitting that Sir Sam Hughes was something less than the best of all possible Ministers of Militia in the circumstances, is not this charge rather extravagant?

Or perhaps it is conscription that Mr. MacLennan has in mind. But then, conscription was vigorously supported by that very large number of Liberals outside of Quebec who helped to sustain the Union Government formed in 1917 and who voted for its candidates in the election of that year. Mr. MacLennan may regard the imposition of conscription as "riding roughshod over French Canada" but hundreds of thousands of his fellow Liberals did not see it that way in 1917.

Regina ROGER GRAHAM

Pronunciation

I HOLD no brief for school-teachers. I have heard them say they would "lay down". But I think his teacher was quite right when she corrected Mrs. Fox's little Johnnie on his pronunciation of "been". It is, or used to be "bin" in the old dictionaries but probably the new dictionaries cater to "usage" and give "bean". No doubt Mrs. Fox would pronounce "again" a-gain instead of a-gen and "against" a-gainst instead of a-genst and possibly she would say "interESting" instead of "INteresting". And perhaps the new dictionaries give those pronunciations. But, believe me, they make some of us old die-hards shudder! And we wonder what "usage" will do next.

Elmvale, Ont. ANNIE BURTON

Art Criticism

I HAVE JUST finished reading the art criticism by Andrew Bell in your edition of September 12 and I would like to make some comments on the critic and his writing.

I do not know who Andrew Bell is nor by what alleged authority he makes his statements. On the other hand I am well acquainted with the work of some of the artists whom he mentions. This is usually the case. Artists are usually much better known than the people who write about them. In fact those art critics of the past who are remembered today are known merely because they panned or praised fine artists. In most cases they adversely criticized great artists, and it would seem that their record as prognosticators is greatly inferior to the record of any average weatherman.

In spite of this they still retain their offensive attitude as being the all-knowing arbiters and they continue to hurl their edicts from Mount Olympus. In this respect Andrew Bell runs true to form . . .

I myself am a Canadian who exhibited in the Royal Canadian Academy and the Canadian National Exhibition during the years that I was in Canada. During that time I was able to learn something about Canadian art and artists. In my opinion Canada has artists who are equal to any artists in the world. The difference is that there are fewer of them. The reason for this, obviously, is because of Canada's small population. Another reason is that although Canadians like to look at pictures and they have fine tastes in art, not many Canadians actually buy pictures. They seem to have the idea that artists should starve. Considering this attitude, it is my opinion that Canada does not deserve to have so many fine artists. Canadian artists should go where they can live with the decency and the dignity befitting their profession, namely the United States. Mr. Bell seems to think that artists are afraid of controversies. I believe this to be an error on his part. Professional art is a very difficult field and artists are used to fighting just to exist.

San Francisco THOS. C. LEIGHTON
President, Society of Western Artists.

MAY I CONGRATULATE Mr. Andrew Bell for his article "Report on Canada's Contemporary Art." Not only are Mr. Bell's ideas sound and convincing, but he expresses them in excellent style.

Toronto GORDON MACNAMARA

I COMPLIMENT Mr. Andrew Bell (Sept. 12) on the timely truths and knowledgeable facts he sets forth. Having read his articles in *The Studio* and *Canadian Art*, it is good to know that once again we may share his tastes and views on art in Canada, which, based on the CNE show, sadly needs reconsideration.

His understanding and frank appraisal are an aid to all . . .

Toronto BLAISE ELYOT

Moral Re-Armament

I WAS GREATLY interested in your front page article in the issue of September 5 regarding the influence of Moral Re-Armament in world labor organizations. It would be difficult indeed for any labor statesman with a genuine interest in labor to single out one of the four standards of MRA and say why he opposes it.

The same thing applies to one unfortunate statement in the article—how does one associate any of these standards with fascism?

Many thanks for your article and for saying many things that need to be said.

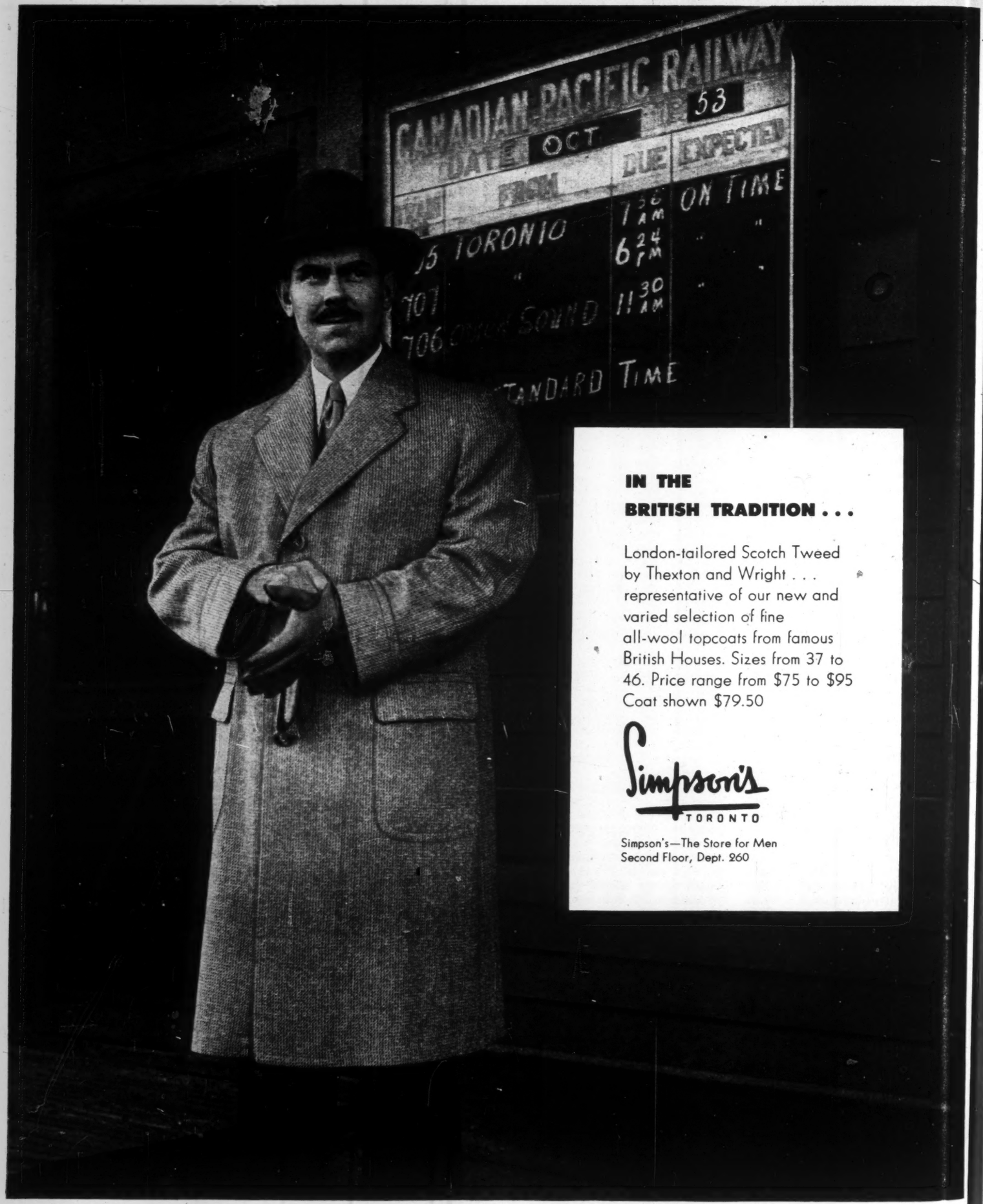
Toronto MAX MACRAE

First Flight

IN "The Backward Glance," you state that Orville Wright made his first aeroplane flight in the year 1908. Shouldn't that 8 be a 3? The first Wright Bros. "crate" to fly under its own power, a 12 h.p. motor, lifted itself off the sands at Kitty Hawk, NC, on Dec. 17, 1903, and both Orville and Wilbur flew it from the start. The golden anniversary of the memorable event will be observed this year.

Vancouver BOGI BJARNASON

Reader Bjarnason is right. In 1908 the Wrights were busy breaking their own flight records.—Editor.



IN THE BRITISH TRADITION . . .

London-tailored Scotch Tweed by Thexton and Wright . . . representative of our new and varied selection of fine all-wool topcoats from famous British Houses. Sizes from 37 to 46. Price range from $75 to $95 Coat shown $79.50

Simpson's TORONTO

Simpson's—The Store for Men
Second Floor, Dept. 260

PHONE TRINITY 8111 OR WRITE SIMPSON'S SHOPPING SERVICE, TORONTO

The Volkswagen Works And Stalin Allee

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

BERLIN—If the new German position in Europe is due to the election of a strong and moderate government, the strength of that government is mainly due to the "German miracle," as they call it here, of production. Nowhere can this be studied to better advantage than in Wolfsburg, near Brunswick, where, only 10 miles from the Iron Curtain, one of the great factories of the world pours out *Volkswagen* at the rate of one every 90 seconds, 17 hours a day.

The financial set-up of the firm is something for the March Hare to explain to the Mad Hatter. The factory belongs to no one, and ought by rights to have been dismantled or be lying idle and in ruins. It was built by the Nazi Labor Front, for political purposes, with money loaned by the Government. The war left it without an owner, without capital or shareholders, and 60 per cent destroyed.

But some of the personnel drifted back after the war, and for lack of anything better to do, began assembling a few *Volkswagen* out of parts lying around. The British took these, and wanted more. So they postponed dismantling the place, and instead allowed the Germans to patch it up here and there. The operation netted the British 711 cars in 1945, over 9000 in 1946, and somewhat fewer the following year, when the fate of the great works was being decided.

In 1948 they put in the present general manager, Nordhoff, and let the firm sell its cars at home and abroad. He has increased production twenty times over, is overrunning the European market with 77,000 cars for export this year, and employs 19,000 workers at double the 1948 wage rate. He impressed our Canadian party as a fine type of industrial statesman.

This is a gigantic operation, one that Henry Kaiser might have dreamed up: a handsome factory, the main building over two-thirds of a mile long, built to produce a car of unique design at the lowest possible price. Porsche, who designed the *Volkswagen*, cut himself free from conventional ideas.

At the *Volkswagen* works, management and workers get together at a mass meeting once every three months. The general manager reports, and the workers can ask questions.

Naturally, one wondered why the workers had not laid claim themselves to this ownerless enterprise, since the assets of the German unions were seized by the Labor Front, and might be said to have been used in building the factory. It seems that this did occur to the central trade union organization, but the government insisted, among other things, that the unionists would have to assume the liabilities of the Labor Front, if they claimed its assets.

That, of course, brings up the 300,000-odd customers who are supposed to have paid up for their *Volkswagen* before the war but never received one. That debt would amount to something over $300 million if each one got a *Volkswagen* delivered today; and Herr Nordhoff told me he could replace the factory today for about $75 million (300 million marks).

The disappointed customers have banded together to prosecute their case. However, it seems there are only about 80,000 people with receipts to show, after all the disruption of the war. They paid in only 1000 marks apiece, and the car now sells for 4100. And the marks they paid in were devaluated in 1948 to one-tenth of the former value. No one here seems to have the slightest idea what will come out of this situation. But that doesn't check the flow of production.

Reinhold Lessman

GENERAL MANAGER NORDHOFF and part of his Volkswagen plant.

The factory is being expanded; the power house is being enlarged; houses are going up everywhere; and all this only ten miles from "Russia." In Wolfsburg you could never have imagined what this border was like. The border police took us for an afternoon's tour of it, and a fascinating trip it was. They may be called "police", but what's in a name? Our reconnaissance was in strictly military style. In the lead went a jeep with four men with sub-machine guns. Then came two *Volkswagen* with a captain and lieutenant. Our small Canadian party followed after. Lickety-split we travelled down a road parallel to the border, our attention divided between large-scale road maps, indications of the actual border, and road signs showing the turns to the east, any one of which would have delivered us into captivity in a minute or so.

Actually, of course, you can't just roll over into Soviet territory. First, the unused road just peters out. Then you come to a warning sign, and soon a barricade and earthworks. Fifty yards away you see the enemy barricade.

Two of our men quietly dropped down behind the earthen parapet, to cover two others who slipped ahead, alert, with machine-pistols ready, to scout right up to the far barricade. A man had been shot here not long ago, and dragged across the border. The officers studied the village just on the other side through their binoculars and although we saw no sign of life, within five minutes a truckload of Russian NKVD came careening along a road a quarter mile or so away. That was all we saw of them, however.

Proceeding down the border, we turned onto a small track and came to a point where the border lay exactly beside the wheels of our cars. There was no sign, no barbed wire, no guard tower, no guard—just a plowed and harrowed strip, about 30 feet wide. The idea is that it will show the footprints of escapees, so naturally we wanted to plant ours there, walking backwards. But the captain barked out sharply: "Don't step over the border!" There were several patches of woods within shooting distance and no telling what was hiding in them.

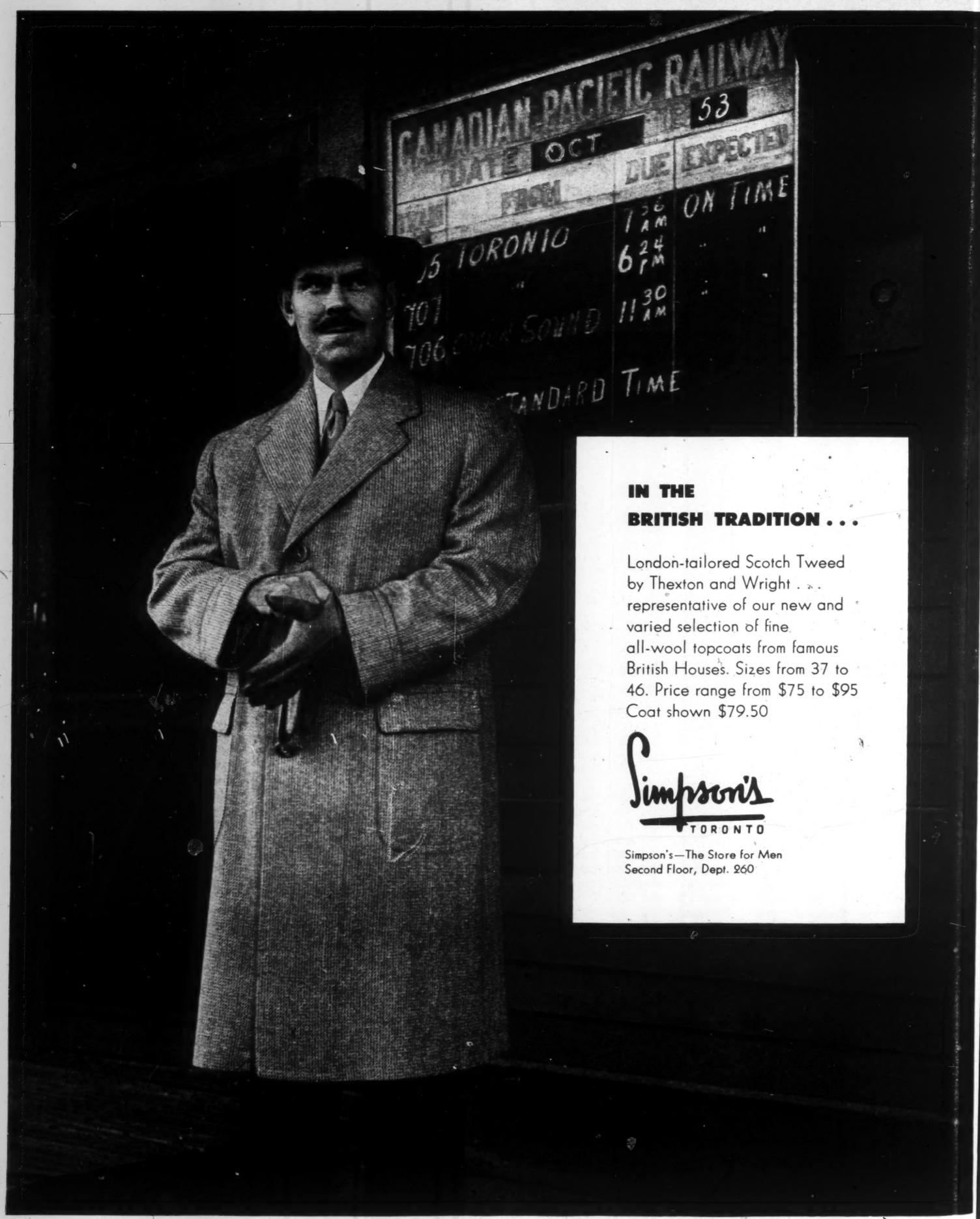
The next spot was quite the opposite; the border ran through the middle of a village, and was marked with a 12-foot solid board fence. Here the West German border guards were quite jovial, and made a to-do waving and yoo-hooing at a girl who showed herself coyly in an attic window just beyond the fence.

OUR LAST call was a romantic spot, an old mill which had been on the Soviet side originally but which they had agreed to leave in the West—though no one knew when they might suddenly reverse this decision. We went through a high wooden gate and parked in the courtyard of the mill. Another high wooden gate led directly out to the border. A few steps over the little mill stream, and there was the barricade and the earthen parapet.

Again our men took cover or scouted forward—a curious thing, it may seem, calling German soldiers "our men," but psychologically we were on the same side that afternoon, and no doubt about it. They made a very fine impression on all our party. This time, a first peek through the binoculars brought word that there were *Vopos* hiding behind the fourth tree on the other side. I could see their caps, and soon two of them stood up, dressed in Russian-style uniform, smoking cigarettes, and after some hesitation slouched down to their barricade. The captain called our scouts back, so that there should be no excuse for trouble.

We stared at them and they stared at us, and after a while we went back into the mill courtyard. The miller had come out, and I asked him if he could sleep at night. "Oh, yes!" he laughed, "I sleep perfectly. Why, if I forget and leave my gate open, the customs lads come and close it for me!" He pointed to a couple of uniformed fellows I hadn't noticed, and I realized that besides being a danger spot on the border, this was a perfect set-up for smuggling. It had, in fact, seen a great deal of it in the past.

This was the so-called "green border," across which only a few dozen people slip daily now. This is not because of vast barbed wire entanglements or mine-fields on the border-line, but because it is so hard to approach the border area without being picked up on suspicion. Ninety-five per cent of the refugees now come across in Berlin. You can stand in the Potsdamer Platz, within just the width of a fence from the Soviet side and the menace of ugly-looking Volkspolizei with their guns, and watch people coming and going between East and West sectors. Only occasionally does a *Volkspolizist* stop a pedestrian to examine his luggage, though any one of them could be a refugee. Most



IN THE BRITISH TRADITION . . .

London-tailored Scotch Tweed by Thexton and Wright . . . representative of our new and varied selection of fine all-wool topcoats from famous British Houses. Sizes from 37 to 46. Price range from $75 to $95 Coat shown $79.50

Simpson's
TORONTO

Simpson's—The Store for Men
Second Floor, Dept. 260

PHONE TRINITY 8111 OR WRITE SIMPSON'S SHOPPING SERVICE, TORONTO

The Volkswagen Works And Stalin Allee

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

BERLIN—If the new German position in Europe is due to the election of a strong and moderate government, the strength of that government is mainly due to the "German miracle," as they call it here, of production. Nowhere can this be studied to better advantage than in Wolfsburg, near Brunswick, where, only 10 miles from the Iron Curtain, one of the great factories of the world pours out *Volkswagen* at the rate of one every 90 seconds, 17 hours a day.

The financial set-up of the firm is something for the March Hare to explain to the Mad Hatter. The factory belongs to no one, and ought by rights to have been dismantled or be lying idle and in ruins. It was built by the Nazi Labor Front, for political purposes, with money loaned by the Government. The war left it without an owner, without capital or shareholders, and 60 per cent destroyed.

But some of the personnel drifted back after the war, and for lack of anything better to do, began assembling a few *Volkswagen* out of parts lying around. The British took these, and wanted more. So they postponed dismantling the place, and instead allowed the Germans to patch it up here and there. The operation netted the British 711 cars in 1945, over 9000 in 1946, and somewhat fewer the following year, when the fate of the great works was being decided.

In 1948 they put in the present general manager, Nordhoff, and let the firm sell its cars at home and abroad. He has increased production twenty times over, is overrunning the European market with 77,000 cars for export this year, and employs 19,000 workers at double the 1948 wage rate. He impressed our Canadian party as a fine type of industrial statesman.

This is a gigantic operation, one that Henry Kaiser might have dreamed up: a handsome factory, the main building over two-thirds of a mile long, built to produce a car of unique design at the lowest possible price. Porsche, who designed the *Volkswagen*, cut himself free from conventional ideas.

At the *Volkswagen* works, management and workers get together at a mass meeting once every three months. The general manager reports, and the workers can ask questions.

Naturally, one wondered why the workers had not laid claim themselves to this ownerless enterprise, since the assets of the German unions were seized by the Labor Front, and might be said to have been used in building the factory. It seems that this did occur to the central trade union organization, but the government insisted, among other things, that the unionists would have to assume the liabilities of the Labor Front, if they claimed its assets.

That, of course, brings up the 300,000-odd customers who are supposed to have paid up for their *Volkswagen* before the war but never received one. That debt would amount to something over $300 million if each one got a *Volkswagen* delivered today; and Herr Nordhoff told me he could replace the factory today for about $75 million (300 million marks).

The disappointed customers have banded together to prosecute their case. However, it seems there are only about 80,000 people with receipts to show, after all the disruption of the war. They paid in only 1000 marks apiece, and the car now sells for 4100. And the marks they paid in were devaluated in 1948 to one-tenth of the former value. No one here seems to have the slightest idea what will come out of this situation. But that doesn't check the flow of production.

The factory is being expanded; the power house is being enlarged; houses are going up everywhere; and all this only ten miles from "Russia." In Wolfsburg you could never have imagined what this border was like. The border police took us for an afternoon's tour of it, and a fascinating trip it was. They may be called "police", but what's in a name? Our reconnaissance was in strictly military style. In the lead went a jeep with four men with sub-machine guns. Then came two *Volkswagen* with a captain and lieutenant. Our small Canadian party followed after. Lickety-split we travelled down a road parallel to the border, our attention divided between large-scale road maps, indications of the actual border, and road signs showing the turns to the east, any one of which would have delivered us into captivity in a minute or so.

Actually, of course, you can't just roll over into Soviet territory. First, the unused road just peters out. Then you come to a warning sign, and soon a barricade and earthworks. Fifty yards away you see the enemy barricade.

Two of our men quietly dropped down behind the earthen parapet, to cover two others who slipped ahead, alert, with machine-pistols ready, to scout right up to the far barricade. A man had been shot here not long ago, and dragged across the border. The officers studied the village just on the other side through their binoculars and although we saw no sign of life, within five minutes a truckload of Russian NKVD came careening along a road a quarter mile or so away. That was all we saw of them, however.

Proceeding down the border, we turned onto a small track and came to a point where the border lay exactly beside the wheels of our cars. There was no sign, no barbed wire, no guard tower, no guard—just a plowed and harrowed strip, about 30 feet wide. The idea is that it will show the footprints of escapees, so naturally we wanted to plant ours there, walking backwards. But the captain barked out sharply: "Don't step over the border!" There were several patches of woods within shooting distance and no telling what was hiding in them.

The next spot was quite the opposite; the border ran through the middle of a village, and was marked with a 12-foot solid board fence. Here the West German border guards were quite jovial, and made a to-do waving and yoo-hooing at a girl who showed herself coyly in an attic window just beyond the fence.

OUR LAST call was a romantic spot, an old mill which had been on the Soviet side originally but which they had agreed to leave in the West—though no one knew when they might suddenly reverse this decision. We went through a high wooden gate and parked in the courtyard of the mill. Another high wooden gate led directly out to the border. A few steps over the little mill stream, and there was the barricade and the earthen parapet.

Again our men took cover or scouted forward—a curious thing, it may seem, calling German soldiers "our men," but psychologically we were on the same side that afternoon, and no doubt about it. They made a very fine impression on all our party. This time, a first peek through the binoculars brought word that there were *Vopos* hiding behind the fourth tree on the other side. I could see their caps, and soon two of them stood up, dressed in Russian-style uniform, smoking cigarettes, and after some hesitation slouched down to their barricade. The captain called our scouts back, so that there should be no excuse for trouble.

We stared at them and they stared at us, and after a while we went back into the mill courtyard. The miller had come out, and I asked him if he could sleep at night. "Oh, yes!" he laughed, "I sleep perfectly. Why, if I forget and leave my gate open, the customs lads come and close it for me!" He pointed to a couple of uniformed fellows I hadn't noticed, and I realized that besides being a danger spot on the border, this was a perfect set-up for smuggling. It had, in fact, seen a great deal of it in the past.

This was the so-called "green border," across which only a few dozen people slip daily now. This is not because of vast barbed wire entanglements or mine-fields on the border-line, but because it is so hard to approach the border area without being picked up on suspicion. Ninety-five per cent of the refugees now come across in Berlin. You can stand in the Potsdamer Platz, within just the width of a fence from the Soviet side and the menace of ugly-looking Volkspolizei with their guns, and watch people coming and going between East and West sectors. Only occasionally does a *Volkspolizist* stop a pedestrian to examine his luggage, though any one of them could be a refugee. Most

Reinhold Lessman

GENERAL MANAGER NORDHOFF and part of his Volkswagen plant.

cars, however, were stopped and their drivers questioned briefly.

When our group, riding in three black Chevrolets of the Canadian military mission, with diplomatic licences, passed very slowly through the Brandenburger Gate, we got very hard looks from armed *Volkspolizei* and armed Russian soldiers, but no signal to stop. It was the same way out. One thing was very clear at the beginning, from the number of armed Russian soldiers standing at all corners near the sector border: the Soviets do not trust the East Germans any more, neither their Communist "government" nor their "People's Police."

The armed guards thinned noticeably as we penetrated deeper, heading for the notorious "Stalin Allee" where the uprising of June 17 began among the building workers. Nothing I had read, no pictures I had seen, prepared me for the size of this project. Great six and eight-storey apartment houses stretched for a mile and a half or more; and all were in the dreadful "Stalin" style. It was like nothing but a new street in Moscow, only probably going up a good deal faster, with German workmen. (Everyone in the East Sector has to do free work in his spare time.)

Everywhere in this New Moscow we came upon groups of Soviet soldiers. There must have been thousands of them, new conscripts, perhaps, brought from barracks in the Zone to gawk at the wonders. There was also quite a number of them out at the big Soviet War Memorial in Treptow Park. Here only did one feel that they wanted you to come and see and photograph; but we had been careful to leave all cameras at the hotel.

Coming back, we saw the reverse side of the medal. If in travelling through Stalin Allee there had been an inescapable impression of glum and silent crowds, and thin ones at that, the streets we passed through now were dead. Mile after mile, there were no cars, hardly any pedestrians, very few stores, and scarcely any rebuilding at all. Everything in the East Sector is going into the show project of the Stalin Allee, whereas, in West Berlin, there is rebuilding going on in every street.

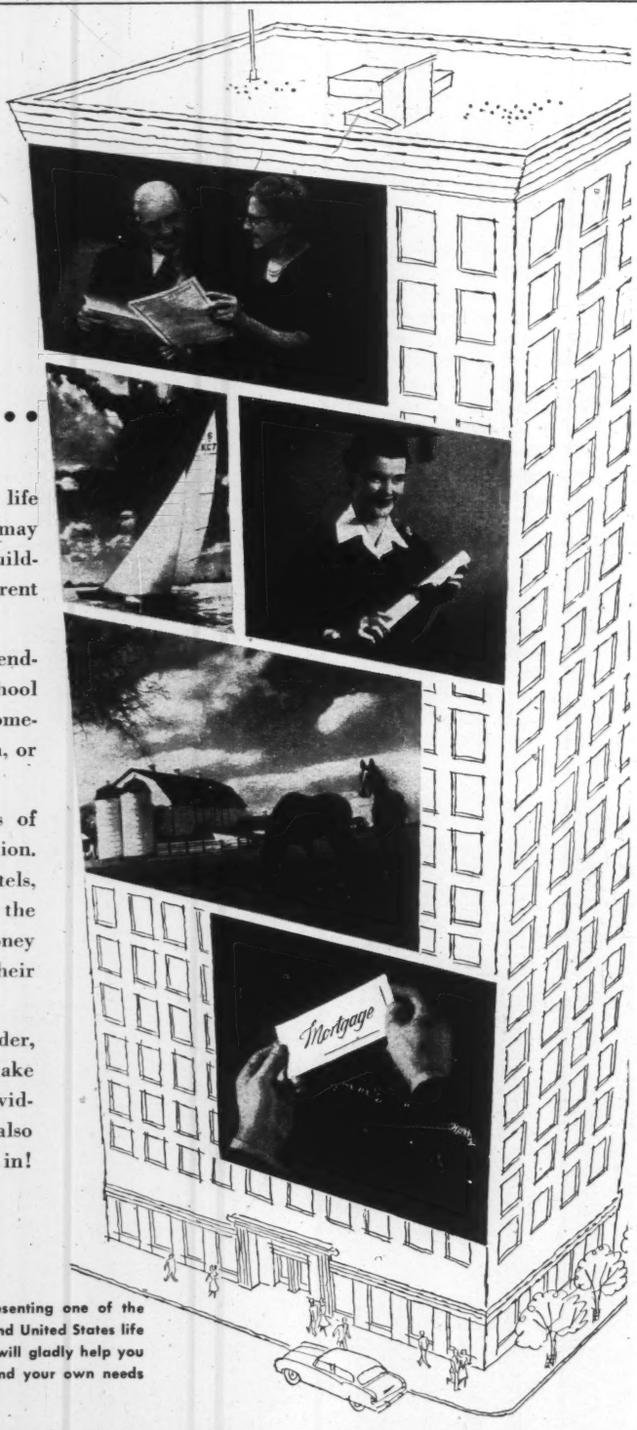
We passed safely out again through the Brandenburger Gate, and swept through the Tiergarten to the Kurfuerstendamm. It was another world, vibrant with life. Crowds thronged the great wide sidewalks, automobile traffic and parked cars were as thick as in a Canadian city—open air cafés, orchestras playing, brilliant display windows, a solid mile of neon signs, animation, chatter on every side. Probably many of the people who stayed off the streets on the Eastern side were mingling in these crowds, just for the feel of it.

How does Berlin live like this under the shadow of the Soviet might? Well, for one thing, it had one of the great spirits of the free world as its mayor, Ernst Reuter. He told us that although Berlin would defend its freedom for years if necessary, it was his professional business to be impatient. His impression was that since Stalin's death the authorities in the East Zone don't know what they are doing, and their state machinery is in full dissolution. It was quite plain that he was unhappy over the extremely cautious attitude shown by the West at the time of the uprising of June 17. (He was in Vienna at that time, and it has been suggested that his special aeroplane was purposely delayed 7 hours in Munich to keep him away from Berlin.)

Reuter expressed the spirit of Free Berlin, but so also did the mammoth Police Festival in the Olympic Stadium. This was in some ways the biggest experience of this trip, and would have been quite unthinkable during my last trip, in 1950. The precision drill of these semi-soldiers, the many stunts they performed with and without horse and motor-cycle, the immense good-humor of the crowd, so quick to laugh or applaud, and the grand finale, with tens of thousands of candles blinking, a thousand torches ringing the field, and the bands in the middle playing, in the dark, *Deutschland Uber Alles*, combined to make a strong impression.

I noticed that my companion, a born Berliner, didn't sing. She hastened to assure me that it didn't mean "Germany on top of everyone else," and that she would like to sing *Europa Uber Alles*. As we came out, one of our chaps muttered: "These would be good people to keep on our side." Make no doubt of it, the Germans are recovering their spirit, as well as their economic position. The front-page heading on today's *Kurier*, which supports Adenauer's policy, reads: "Germany Without Arms — Unrealistic." They are still not anxious, but they are willing.

What many buildings are really made of...



When you look at any building in which life insurance dollars have been invested, you may see only bricks and mortar. But these buildings are really fashioned out of many different people's *dreams*.

What dreams? Perhaps a father's hope of sending his boy to college some day. Or a school teacher's goal of a trip to Europe. Or someone's plan to pay off a mortgage, buy a farm, or retire at 65.

Out of such dreams many different kinds of buildings are constructed all over the nation. Schools, stores, office buildings, homes, hotels, power plants, factories—these are some of the useful structures created with the aid of money which life insurance companies invest for their policyholders.

So, if *you* are a life insurance policyholder, remember . . . while you're working to make your dreams come true . . . while you're providing for your family's security . . . you're also helping to make Canada a better land to live in!

AT YOUR SERVICE!

A trained life underwriter, representing one of the more than 50 Canadian, British and United States life insurance companies in Canada, will gladly help you plan for your family's security and your own needs in later years. Rely on him!

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

"It is Good Citizenship to own Life Insurance"

L-553FM

If Memory Serves

Why I Didn't Marry Mary Pickford

LATELY THERE HAS BEEN a spate of magazine articles recently dealing with the courting and marital exploits of several members of the International Set. These frenzied confessions have brought to the Mercy Bench such diverse café society characters as King Farouk, Ava Gardner, Artie Shaw, Billy Rose, and a couple of Tommy Manville's ex-concubines, among others. Their love lives contain more divisions and diversions than those of several generations of amoeba. and if nothing else, they furnish more back fence conversational material than anything short of the woman next door eloping with the mailman.

In the ante-bellum days of my own single blessedness, marriage was a remote possibility that was postponed by the members of my social set until the advent of the millennium, or at least until we found jobs. (In 1933 I would have taken sucker's odds that the millennium would arrive first.) Our gang made its summer headquarters near the duck pond in Toronto's Riverdale Park, and in the winter we moved to the corner of Broadview Ave. and Gerrard Street, where we were close to the intellectual warmth of the Public Library, the monastic chill of the YMCA and the gourmandizing drag of Joe the Greek's nickel coffee and outsize date turnovers.

The poets may prate about the aphrodisiac effects of the vernal equinox, but the Fall months were responsible for most of the defections of our gang members. During the summer our relations with the opposite sex were of the hit-and-run variety, and it took a pretty fleet female to catch us for keeps while the grass was dry. As soon as the leaves began to fall, however, some of us were gone geese, unable to resist the blandishments of a warm front parlor, free midnight coffee and sandwiches, and the pilfering of father's Fine-Cut tobacco.

In my own case, I preferred to brave the winter chills rather than accept the dubious hospitality of the predatory husband-hunters who waved their biological antennae in my direction. Occasionally, under the impetus of my impetuous id, I would accept an invitation to dalliance on some ratty love-seat or moth-eaten divan. There I would squirm through a boring evening like Cinderella waiting for the witching hour, driven to the verge of paranoia by the inane prattlings of my inamorata of the moment and the calculated scheming of her mother, who saw in me the eventual means of ridding herself of the cares of parenthood.

Let's face it, I was a perfect candidate for the title of Canada's lousiest lover. I was afraid of girls to begin with, but I was more afraid of being caught in their silken webs. I deplored having to call on them at predestined intervals; of walking the gauntlet of a street full of verandah-sitting neighbors; of becoming the ambulatory possession of a girl who would drag me around in the manner of a tamed bear to meet her relatives and friends; who would discuss me, to the accompaniment of victorious snickers, with her pals at work; who would con me into becoming engaged; who would use me as the bait for linen and kitchenware showers . . . That sort of masochism was not for me, and I avoided it with the frenzy of a heretic avoiding the Iron Maiden.

During the years of my adolescence and early manhood, when all about me my friends' heads were rolling in the matrimonial gutter, and others were going through a stylized courting reminiscent of the Emperor penguin, I flitted from flower to flower.

My technique was wonderful when I practised it on girls who expected nothing more than an evening in my company, but among those who had an urge to take me home, bake me cookies, or otherwise ensnare me, my technique melted into an amorphous mass that was as limp as a plate of pasta. In their company I retreated when I should have advanced, and quit when I was winning. When the atmosphere called for amorousness, I became talkative and philosophical, and when they wanted conversation, I was a veritable Casanova. My perversity must have been bewildering to them, for I know it was to me. In theory I reached the stature of a Don River Don Juan, but in practice I was the Caspar Milquetoast of the chesterfield.

Several pubescent traumas contributed to my conditioning as a wilful yet witless lover. One of the first of these was the discovery that women were the aggressors, which made me coy to the point of complete negation. Another was the cautionary admonition of C. E. M. Joad, who described in his autobiography the difficulties he had experienced in choosing as a wife a woman who appealed to his head or one who appealed to "what is euphemistically called the heart." Joad finally chose the latter, but he had planted in my otherwise empty head the seeds of indecision, and it took me years to discover that brains and beauty are twin attributes that seldom go together in a woman. And when they do, the happy possessor of them usually marries a dull, stodgy suburbanite with an urge to build model planes.

The fathers of the teen-age sirens who were the one-visit objects of these *amourettes* could read me like a tip-sheet, and I was No. 1 on their hate parades. As a matter of fact, racing tip-sheets seemed to furnish the beginning and end of their excursions into literature. They would plant themselves in the parlor's only comfortable chair and glare at me now and then from behind the sports pages, which they used as a modification of the Chinese screen. They answered my sage comments about the weather with monosyllabic grunts possessing the atonal qualities of the mating call of the Yorkshire hog. I, in turn, accorded them the wisdom of Diogenes, the percipience of Bernard Shaw and the manliness of Buster Crabbe, none of which, in retrospect, they deserved at all. As a matter of fact they were probably the most abject specimens of the *pater familias* since old man Barrett went down the pike.

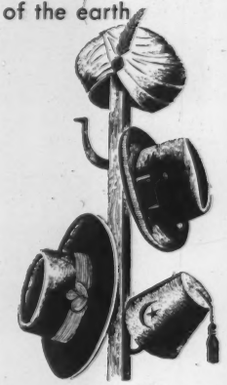
Other phenomena of my moonstruck years were the affections I lavished on undeserving younger brothers and sisters of my heartthrob of the moment; the patience I expended in watching and waiting for her appearance, only to assume a stance of studied disinterest as she approached; the long circuitous walks I took in order to be entranced by a sight of the hut or hovel in which she lived; the reams of poesy I wrote to her, and then tore up before it could be desecrated by other eyes.

LOOKING BACK on my salad days, I remember these girls with genuine affection. There was one who loaned me five dollars (which I never paid back) while we sat on a bench behind the Ontario Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park, and another who filched me several pints of rye whisky from Gooderham and Worts distillery, where she worked. At various times I fell in and out of love with a comptometer operator, a girl who worked in a silk stocking factory, a female saxophone player, a high-school girl who later married a jockey, a trio of store clerks, a hash-house waitress, two girls who kept house for their fathers (and who, incidentally, baked the best cakes), a girl who later became a department store detective, a switchboard operator, and an acrobatic dancer. It's not as imposing a list as some, but it's the best I could do, being what I am. I wish them all well.

I don't envy the generation that is now wrestling with its courting problems, like love-stricken Laocoöns. For my mess of pottage they can have it, self-doubt, amorous deception, stargazing and the rest of the kaboodle. The only two lady movie stars I ever fell for were Sylvia Sidney and Margaret Sullavan, and they really don't count. How did Mary Pickford get into the title? I don't know, except that nowadays I fall in love with titles as I once fell in love with girls. And believe me, it's far easier on the psyche.

HUGH GARNER

they come to the
ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
from the four corners
of the earth



Hats off to the hotel where travelers enjoy the little extras in comfort and service that make your stay a true holiday . . . from $6 single, $9 double.

New York's only truly continental hotel
ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
CHARLES G. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI -
W. M. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith

'Quality Tells'

VAT 69

Finest
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND

cars, however, were stopped and their drivers questioned briefly.

When our group, riding in three black Chevrolets of the Canadian military mission, with diplomatic licences, passed very slowly through the Brandenburger Gate, we got very hard looks from armed *Volkspolizei* and armed Russian soldiers, but no signal to stop. It was the same way out. One thing was very clear at the beginning, from the number of armed Russian soldiers standing at all corners near the sector border: the Soviets do not trust the East Germans any more, neither their Communist "government" nor their "People's Police."

The armed guards thinned noticeably as we penetrated deeper, heading for the notorious "Stalin Allee" where the uprising of June 17 began among the building workers. Nothing I had read, no pictures I had seen, prepared me for the size of this project. Great six and eight-storey apartment houses stretched for a mile and a half or more; and all were in the dreadful "Stalin" style. It was like nothing but a new street in Moscow, only probably going up a good deal faster, with German workmen. (Everyone in the East Sector has to do free work in his spare time.)

Everywhere in this New Moscow we came upon groups of Soviet soldiers. There must have been thousands of them, new conscripts, perhaps, brought from barracks in the Zone to gawk at the wonders. There was also quite a number of them out at the big Soviet War Memorial in Treptow Park. Here only did one feel that they wanted you to come and see and photograph; but we had been careful to leave all cameras at the hotel.

Coming back, we saw the reverse side of the medal. If in travelling through Stalin Allee there had been an inescapable impression of glum and silent crowds, and thin ones at that, the streets we passed through now were dead. Mile after mile, there were no cars, hardly any pedestrians, very few stores, and scarcely any rebuilding at all. Everything in the East Sector is going into the show project of the Stalin Allee, whereas, in West Berlin, there is rebuilding going on in every street.

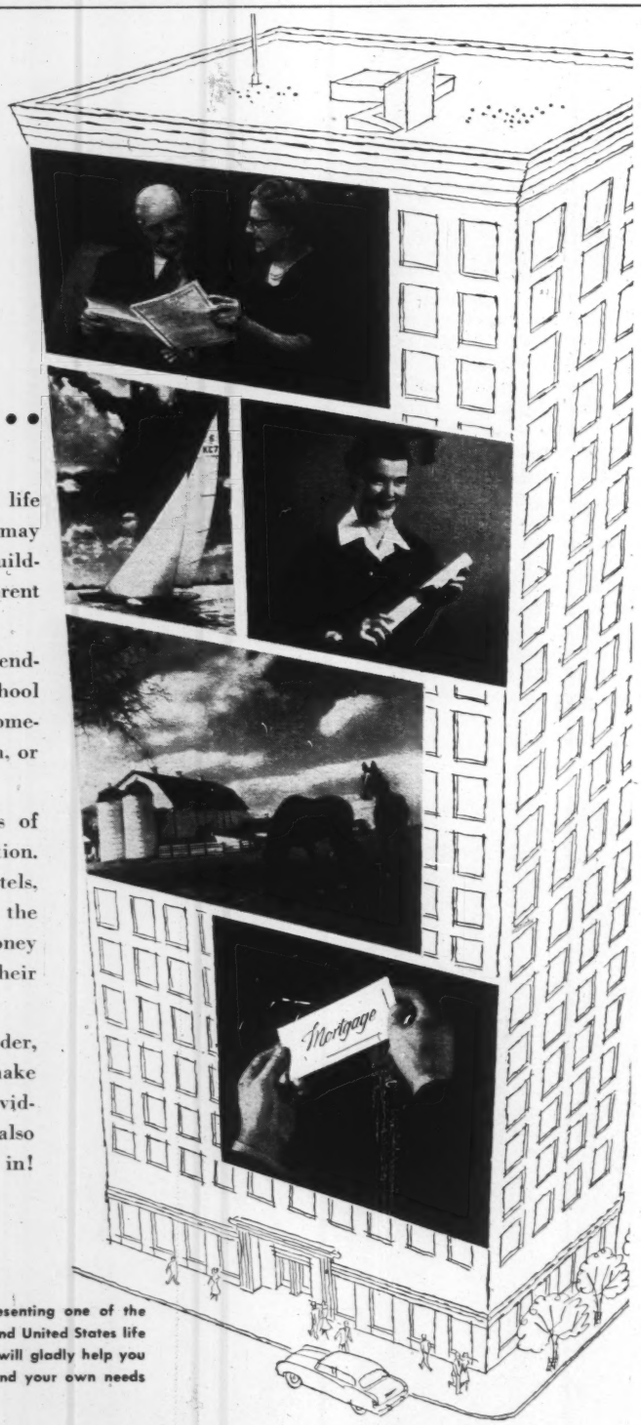
We passed safely out again through the Brandenburger Gate, and swept through the Tiergarten to the Kurfuerstendamm. It was another world, vibrant with life. Crowds thronged the great wide sidewalks, automobile traffic and parked cars were as thick as in a Canadian city—open air cafés, orchestras playing, brilliant display windows, a solid mile of neon signs, animation, chatter on every side. Probably many of the people who stayed off the streets on the Eastern side were mingling in these crowds, just for the feel of it.

How does Berlin live like this under the shadow of the Soviet might? Well, for one thing, it had one of the great spirits of the free world as its mayor, Ernst Reuter. He told us that although Berlin would defend its freedom for years if necessary, it was his professional business to be impatient. His impression was that since Stalin's death the authorities in the East Zone don't know what they are doing, and their state machinery is in full dissolution. It was quite plain that he was unhappy over the extremely cautious attitude shown by the West at the time of the uprising of June 17. (He was in Vienna at that time, and it has been suggested that his special aeroplane was purposely delayed 7 hours in Munich to keep him away from Berlin.)

Reuter expressed the spirit of Free Berlin, but so also did the mammoth Police Festival in the Olympic Stadium. This was in some ways the biggest experience of this trip, and would have been quite unthinkable during my last trip, in 1950. The precision drill of these semi-soldiers, the many stunts they performed with and without horse and motor-cycle, the immense good-humor of the crowd, so quick to laugh or applaud, and the grand finale, with tens of thousands of candles blinking, a thousand torches ringing the field, and the bands in the middle playing, in the dark, *Deutschland Uber Alles*, combined to make a strong impression.

I noticed that my companion, a born Berliner, didn't sing. She hastened to assure me that it didn't mean "Germany on top of everyone else," and that she would like to sing *Europa Uber Alles*. As we came out, one of our chaps muttered: "These would be good people to keep on our side." Make no doubt of it, the Germans are recovering their spirit, as well as their economic position. The front-page heading on today's *Kurier*, which supports Adenauer's policy, reads: "Germany Without Arms — Unrealistic." They are still not anxious, but they are willing.

What many buildings are really made of...



When you look at any building in which life insurance dollars have been invested, you may see only bricks and mortar. But these buildings are really fashioned out of many different people's *dreams*.

What dreams? Perhaps a father's hope of sending his boy to college some day. Or a school teacher's goal of a trip to Europe. Or someone's plan to pay off a mortgage, buy a farm, or retire at 65.

Out of such dreams many different kinds of buildings are constructed all over the nation. Schools, stores, office buildings, homes, hotels, power plants, factories—these are some of the useful structures created with the aid of money which life insurance companies invest for their policyholders.

So, if *you* are a life insurance policyholder, remember . . . while you're working to make your dreams come true . . . while you're providing for your family's security . . . you're also helping to make Canada a better land to live in!

AT YOUR SERVICE!

A trained life underwriter, representing one of the more than 50 Canadian, British and United States life insurance companies in Canada, will gladly help you plan for your family's security and your own needs in later years. Rely on him!

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

"It is Good Citizenship to own Life Insurance"

L-553FM

If Memory Serves

Why I Didn't Marry Mary Pickford

THERE HAS BEEN a spate of magazine articles recently dealing with the courting and marital exploits of several members of the International Set. These frenzied confessions have brought to the Mercy Bench such diverse café society characters as King Farouk, Ava Gardner, Artie Shaw, Billy Rose, and a couple of Tommy Manville's ex-concubines, among others. Their love lives contain more divisions and diversions than those of several generations of amoeba, and if nothing else, they furnish more back fence conversational material than anything short of the woman next door eloping with the mailman.

In the ante-bellum days of my own single blessedness, marriage was a remote possibility that was postponed by the members of my social set until the advent of the millennium, or at least until we found jobs. (In 1933 I would have taken sucker's odds that the millennium would arrive first.) Our gang made its summer headquarters near the duck pond in Toronto's Riverdale Park, and in the winter we moved to the corner of Broadview Ave. and Gerrard Street, where we were close to the intellectual warmth of the Public Library, the monastic chill of the YMCA and the gourmandizing drag of Joe the Greek's nickel coffee and outsize date turnovers.

The poets may prate about the aphrodisiac effects of the vernal equinox, but the Fall months were responsible for most of the defections of our gang members. During the summer our relations with the opposite sex were of the hit-and-run variety, and it took a pretty fleet female to catch us for keeps while the grass was dry. As soon as the leaves began to fall, however, some of us were gone geese, unable to resist the blandishments of a warm front parlor, free midnight coffee and sandwiches, and the pilfering of father's Fine-Cut tobacco.

In my own case, I preferred to brave the winter chills rather than accept the dubious hospitality of the predatory husband-hunters who waved their biological antennae in my direction. Occasionally, under the impetus of my impetuous id, I would accept an invitation to dalliance on some ratty love-seat or moth-eaten divan. There I would squirm through a boring evening like Cinderella waiting for the witching hour, driven to the verge of paranoia by the inane prattlings of my inamorata of the moment and the calculated scheming of her mother, who saw in me the eventual means of ridding herself of the cares of parenthood.

Let's face it, I was a perfect candidate for the title of Canada's lousiest lover. I was afraid of girls to begin with, but I was more afraid of being caught in their silken webs. I deplored having to call on them at predestined intervals; of walking the gauntlet of a street full of verandah-sitting neighbors; of becoming the ambulatory possession of a girl who would drag me around in the manner of a tamed bear to meet her relatives and friends; who would discuss me, to the accompaniment of victorious snickers, with her pals at work; who would con me into becoming engaged; who would use me as the bait for linen and kitchenware showers . . . That sort of masochism was not for me, and I avoided it with the frenzy of a heretic avoiding the Iron Maiden.

During the years of my adolescence and early manhood, when all about me my friends' heads were rolling in the matrimonial gutter, and others were going through a stylized courting reminiscent of the Emperor penguin, I flitted from flower to flower.

My technique was wonderful when I practised it on girls who expected nothing more than an evening in my company, but among those who had an urge to take me home, bake me cookies, or otherwise ensnare me, my technique melted into an amorphous mass that was as limp as a plate of pasta. In their company I retreated when I should have advanced, and quit when I was winning. When the atmosphere called for amorousness, I became talkative and philosophical, and when they wanted conversation, I was a veritable Casanova. My perversity must have been bewildering to them, for I know it was to me. In theory I reached the stature of a Don River Don Juan, but in practice I was the Caspar Milquetoast of the chesterfield.

Several pubescent traumas contributed to my conditioning as a wilful yet witless lover. One of the first of these was the discovery that women were the aggressors, which made me coy to the point of complete negation. Another was the cautionary admonition of C. E. M. Joad, who described in his autobiography the difficulties he had experienced in choosing as a wife a woman who appealed to his head or one who appealed to "what is euphemistically called the heart." Joad finally chose the latter, but he had planted in my otherwise empty head the seeds of indecision, and it took me years to discover that brains and beauty are twin attributes that seldom go together in a woman. And when they do, the happy possessor of them usually marries a dull, stodgy suburbanite with an urge to build model planes.

The fathers of the teen-age sirens who were the one-visit objects of these *amourettes* could read me like a tip-sheet, and I was No. 1 on their hate parades. As a matter of fact, racing tip-sheets seemed to furnish the beginning and end of their excursions into literature. They would plant themselves in the parlor's only comfortable chair and glare at me now and then from behind the sports pages, which they used as a modification of the Chinese screen. They answered my sage comments about the weather with monosyllabic grunts possessing the atonal qualities of the mating call of the Yorkshire hog. I, in turn, accorded them the wisdom of Diogenes, the percipience of Bernard Shaw and the manliness of Buster Crabbe, none of which, in retrospect, they deserved at all. As a matter of fact they were probably the most abject specimens of the *pater familias* since old man Barrett went down the pike.

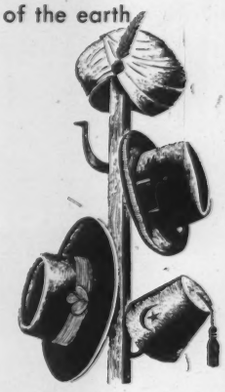
Other phenomena of my moonstruck years were the affections I lavished on undeserving younger brothers and sisters of my heartthrob of the moment; the patience I expended in watching and waiting for her appearance, only to assume a stance of studied disinterest as she approached; the long circuitous walks I took in order to be entranced by a sight of the hut or hovel in which she lived; the reams of poesy I wrote to her, and then tore up before it could be desecrated by other eyes.

LOOKING BACK on my salad days, I remember these girls with genuine affection. There was one who loaned me five dollars (which I never paid back) while we sat on a bench behind the Ontario Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park, and another who filched me several pints of rye whisky from Gooderham and Worts distillery, where she worked. At various times I fell in and out of love with a comptometer operator, a girl who worked in a silk stocking factory, a female saxophone player, a high-school girl who later married a jockey, a trio of store clerks, a hash-house waitress, two girls who kept house for their fathers (and who, incidentally, baked the best cakes), a girl who later became a department store detective, a switchboard operator, and an acrobatic dancer. It's not as imposing a list as some, but it's the best I could do, being what I am. I wish them all well.

I don't envy the generation that is now wrestling with its courting problems, like love-stricken Laocoöns. For my mess of pottage they can have it, self-doubt, amorous deception, stargazing and the rest of the kaboodle. The only two lady movie stars I ever fell for were Sylvia Sidney and Margaret Sullavan, and they really don't count. How did Mary Pickford get into the title? I don't know, except that nowadays I fall in love with titles as I once fell in love with girls. And believe me, it's far easier on the psyche.

HUGH GARNER

they come to the
ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
from the four corners
of the earth



Hats off to the hotel where travelers enjoy the little extras in comfort and service that make your stay a true holiday . . . from $6 single, $9 double.

New York's only truly continental hotel
ST. MORITZ
ON-THE-PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
CHARLES G. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
W. M. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith

"Quality Tells"

VAT 69

Finest
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND

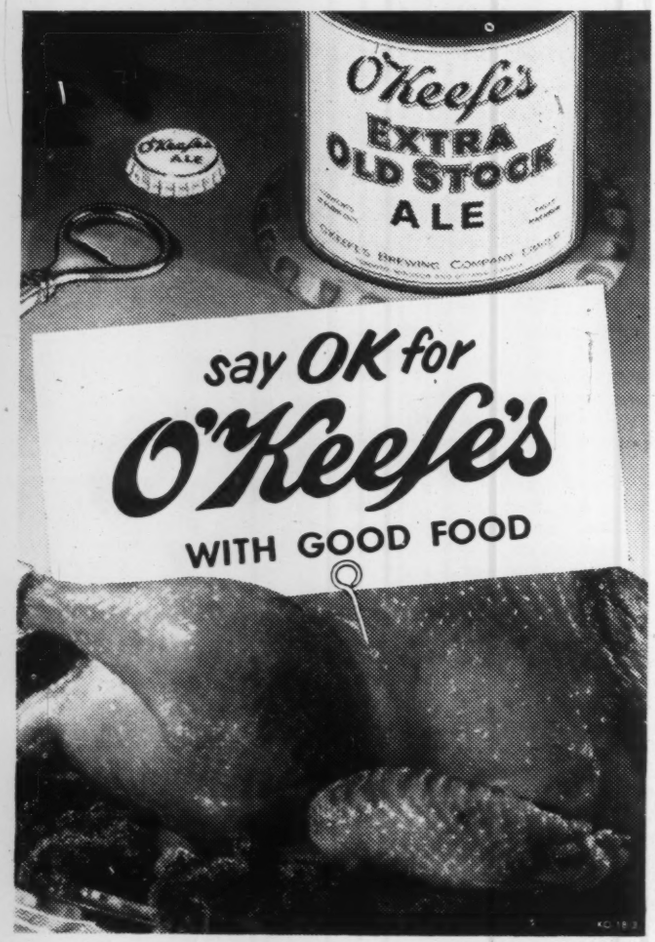
No vacation ever before like this, for South Africa's challenge is the *unusual*, the delightfully *unexpected*. Contrast the roar of a lion (spine-tingling even in the snug security of your game reserve cottage) with the thunder of a gigantic waterfall seen spray-close in all its majesty . . . with the rhythm of a smart dance orchestra in a modern cosmopolitan city. Chances are you've never had a diamond mine in your itinerary . . . or the improbable fantasy of an ostrich farm. *So much to enjoy which only South Africa can offer!*

Write to SATOUR for information and literature . . . then ask your Travel Agent to help you plan your trip.

SATOUR

South African Tourist CORPORATION

475 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



Films

The War at Sea

IN TURNING *The Cruel Sea* from a novel into a film, Eric Ambler, who wrote the screen-play, was faced with a formidable task of selection. A book of 416 pages had to be compressed into a two-hour film; upwards of thirty "main" characters had to be sieved out into the four or five, on which film-goers like to concentrate.

The fact that Ambler succeeded in his task has more than my own guarantee; it has been attested by packed audiences all the way round the world, from New York, where the film is currently breaking all house-records at the Fine Arts Theatre, to Leicester Square in London, where the queues often circled an entire city block with a considerable overlap to spare.

In particular, the film of *The Cruel Sea* was awarded the "Golden Laurel Award" (from among ten other films in all European languages) at the recent Edinburgh Festival.

Eric Ambler, in his screen version, and Charles Frend, in his admirable direction, have concentrated on two aspects of the story: the sea, and the relationship between two men, the ship's captain Ericson, and his first lieutenant, Lockhart. Much of the activity ashore has been cut out — a lot of it, I fear, would scarcely have received the censor's certificate; and the actual warfare at sea has been boiled down to three or four stirring episodes.

The story loses nothing by this simplification.

We start, as the book starts, with a couple of green RNVR officers joining a new ship, HMS *Compass Rose*, and reporting to Lt. Cmdr. Ericson, the only professional seaman on board.

Compass Rose sails on many convoys, collects many survivors, sinks a submarine, and is herself torpedoed. Ericson and Lockhart, who happily survive, take over a bigger and better ship, a frigate, and finish the war together.

That is the outline of the screen-play, and it makes a truly superb film. (I feel that I can say that without impropriety, since barring a preliminary look at the script, and some comments on it, I had nothing whatever to do with the making of the film. The only really important thing I did was to sell the film-rights to the J. Arthur Rank Organization in the first place, and that turned out to be 100 per cent right.)

Jack Hawkins, as the Lieutenant Commander, gives a flawless performance. He looks the part completely: he might have stepped straight off the bridge of a destroyer; and at times he seems to hold the whole picture together by sheer physical strength. His developing relationship with his first lieutenant, Lockhart (played by Donald Sinden), is very well done; it starts with ironic amusement, graduates to a guarded trust, and achieves, at the end, complete confidence.

Another first-rate piece of acting is turned in by Denholm Elliott, now appearing in (and as) *The Confidential Clerk*, the new T. S. Eliot play at Edinburgh. Here he plays Morell, the barrister turned naval officer, with crisp authority and perfect timing. Bruce Seton, as coxswain Tallow, is another who lifts the film at least one extra notch, every time he appears.

The women in the story presented the film-makers with a considerable problem. They had to be there, because this is a war story, and women are part of war: the way they behave, when their menfolk are home on leave and (more important still) when they are away at sea, directly affects a man's fighting qualities.

So the women have been kept in, though in the interests of simplification they do not loom very large. Lockhart's pretty Wren, Julie Hallam (played by Virginia McKenna), comforts him at all the appropriate moments, Megs Jenkins gives a delightful and warm-hearted performance as Gladys Tallow, the coxswain's sister. In the part of Morell's suspect wife, Moira Lister is on view for about ninety seconds, and fills each one to perfection. It is a wonderful vignette of a fearsome woman—acid, brittle, hopelessly corrupt.

There are parts of this film—like the freezing cold night on the rafts, or the crude attempts at surgery in a crowded foc'sle—which are deeply moving; there are other parts, particularly the rough weather shots in the early stages of the story, which have the very smell and surge of the sea in them. And I think the ending is just right. The film ends as the war ended, quietly, undramatically, and rather unexpectedly. The war was over, and there were no more U-boats to kill, no more chances of being killed oneself. So "Ring off main engines", and let's all go home.

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ROMAN HOLIDAY is a variation on the Graustarkian theme invented by George Barr McCutcheon about the beginning of the century. As it turns out, however, the film doesn't suffer in the least from its ancient derivations but emerges fresh as paint and brimming over with a sunny magic contributed in about equal parts by ancient Rome and youthful Audrey Hepburn.

The two leading characters, a runaway princess and an expatriate American newspaper man, are straight out of Hollywood's stockroom. The Princess, exhausted by a day of royal routine, a fit of adolescent hysterics and a sedative from the court physician, escapes from the palace, collapses on a park bench to sleep off

her phenobarbital, and is picked up by a newspaperman, who gradually comes to recognize the value of his find. Once aroused, Princess Anne goes on the town; and since the town is Rome and the Princess Audrey Hepburn, the banalities of the plot never get a chance to emerge. Instead, the whole thing takes on the air of fresh spontaneous comedy.

Like all Hollywood stars, Audrey Hepburn is reasonably beautiful and unreasonably slim. Apart from these prerequisities, however, she is something quite new to the screen. Most movie stars can be trained to the motions of acting, but the tricks of training are usually visible and their beautiful faces remain, from first to last, almost as impassive as poker discs. Audrey Hepburn's acting is a native talent; she acts to the tips of her fingers, and her mobile face at any moment is a revealing index of anything that may be happening on the screen.

From her first entrance in *Roman Holiday* she is immersed in the story and so vividly a part of it that her Princess Anne ceases to be a rather banal convention and becomes an adroit reality. She is even able to make a moving little final act of the last sequence, when she returns to her royal duties, renouncing love and Gregory Peck. If this isn't the way royal renunciations are made, it is the way they should be.

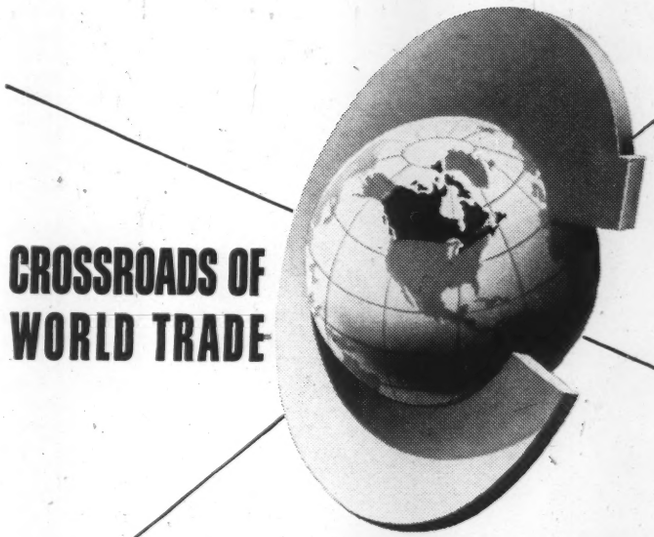
As the infatuated newspaperman, Gregory Peck reveals an unexpected talent for romantic comedy and Eddie Albert is funny and nimble as the camera-man who goes along to make the record of the Princess's day off. It is a lovely picture altogether, and all the more engaging because it is far better than it had any right to be.

The title *Turn the Key Softly* seemed to promise a British suspense thriller. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a rather soggy melodrama involving the lives of three women (Yvonne Mitchell, Joan Collins and Kathleen Harrison) released simultaneously from Holloway Prison, London. No. 1 is a gentle old kleptomaniac, No. 2 is a flashy girl apparently picked up on a general charge of loose living, No. 3 is a stately brunette whose love affair with a gentlemanly burglar (Terence Morgan) culminated in a twelve-month stretch for house-breaking. The film follows them through their first twenty-four hours of freedom, and for a while it looked very much as though all three ladies would be booked straight back into Holloway.

Their stories are told with the sense of quiet British timelessness that is either soothing or exacerbating, according to the temperament of the movie-goer. The picture picks up a spurt of speed later, however, with a safe-robbing and rooftop chase which has London bobbies rising on automatic ladders with such speed and suddenness that one was grateful Mr. Rank's organization hadn't got around yet to Three D. The picture concludes rather abruptly with the death of one of the trio, leaving the other two still rather shakily at large. There didn't seem much point in the film ending just when it did. On the other hand, there didn't seem to be much point in its going on.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

CROSSROADS OF WORLD TRADE



how many of the ***28,179*** ***customers*** *were yours?*

A Canadian textile exhibitor claimed some. He sold over 311,000 yards of corduroy, 50,000 yards of swim suit fabric and 2,000 yards of other materials.

A spokesman for a Canadian construction equipment firm reported "A hundred times more business than expected".

Two Canadian cities reported success in attracting new industries.

No matter what you offer—goods, services, or ideas—put the Trade Fair in your plans for '54.

Some outstanding statistics from the '53 Fair—

Business visitors from 57 countries . . . from every Canadian province and 40 states south of the border.

Half the exhibits from Canada, the rest from 26 other countries—264,843 square feet of exhibit space taken, 40% more than the previous year . . . before the '53 Fair was over space contracts were signed for '54.

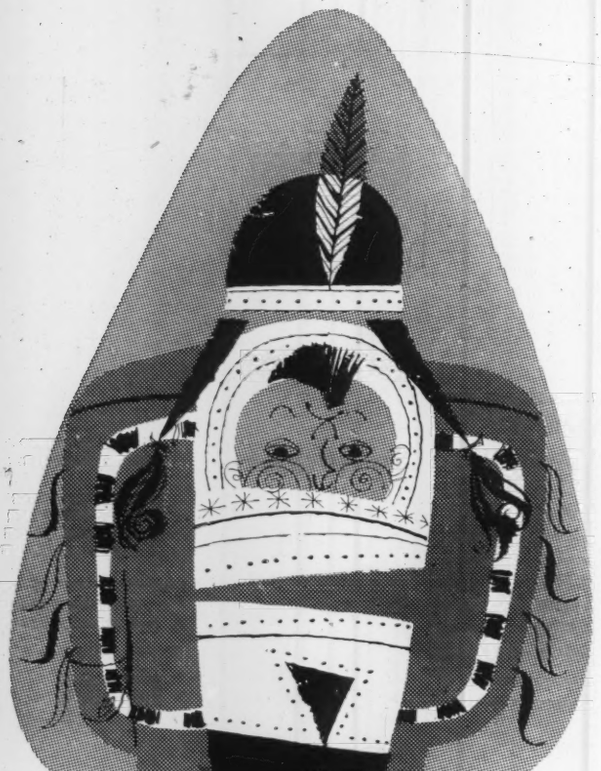
APPLY NOW FOR SPACE

Apply now for space to the Administrator, Canadian International Trade Fair, Exhibition Park, Toronto 2-B, Ontario.

1954 — 7th Annual — CANADIAN International TRADE FAIR

TORONTO MAY 31 - JUNE 11 1954

OPERATED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA TO PROMOTE YOUR BUSINESS



is this

COMMUTING?

For the papoose, at least, it's an easy way of getting around. But to the experienced Executor of estates, "commuting" is not a form of transport.

The "know-how" of estate management is not learned overnight. New laws, new taxes, new technicalities, are ever a problem. Certainly, the task should not be lightly passed to a relative or friend.

To give your beneficiaries the protection of a thoroughly experienced, full-time Executor and Trustee, name National Trust in your will.

Your inquiries are invited.

COMMUTING: Substituting one form of payment for another. (A term commonly used in settlement of succession duties).

National Trust
COMPANY LIMITED

FP-93

TORONTO • MONTREAL • HAMILTON • WINNIPEG
EDMONTON • CALGARY • VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

Letter from Montreal

When the Evening Sun Goes Down

MANY CITY with character, like a man of imagination, assumes that its climate is both better and worse than that of its neighbors, but also like a man of character, it can bore its neighbors to the point of revolt by talking about its own attributes too much. Nonetheless I am going to describe the end of a summer in Montreal, because it can be pinpointed in time to a certain few moments, a dramatic close of a season that will be referred to for years to come . . . the summer of '53.

For a fortnight the heat had been mounting, and with it the humidity. Driving in from the country one day at the end of August, I crossed Victoria Bridge with a sense of entering an unknowable inferno. The outline of Mount Royal was obscured and the docks and grain elevators were swimming in a haze of smoke and humidity through which the sun burned like a copper disk. By the time I reached Sherbrooke Street all activity within the city seemed to be in slow-motion; I almost expected to see the wheels of vehicles turning backward, as they appear to do in old movies.

It was impossible to work in my apartment on the top floor of a six-storey building and certainly only the insensitive could sleep anywhere on the island. Now I knew why so many men had been driving ninety to a hundred miles every evening to reach their cottages in the country in order to get six hours of rest before they had to drive back to work again the next morning. But I had to stay in town this Friday night, and until something worse comes along, I shall remember it as my foretaste of hell.

The city gasped like a patient in the crisis of a fever and opened its eyes to an airless, lowering morning. Everyone left on the island seemed to sense that a climax was near. People stood at windows, waiting, and just before one o'clock on this fifth of September they found themselves watching the summer of '53 expire in a swirl of wind and rain. Behind the rain, swiftly behind it, came the cold front, which for us was a rush of arctic air that came down through the Laurentian passes. It struck with the rapidity of a tropical storm.

By Saturday night we were cold and by Sunday morning we were shivering miserably. Like pain, which the human being can remember only as his mind informs him that it was thus and so, the experience of being too hot or too cold is almost impossible to recall while we are experiencing the opposite extreme.

It is autumn now, and our eyes are searching out the red and the yellow, the saffron and the scarlet that change the landscape and mellow the shorter days, and it is as difficult to believe that another Canadian winter is nearly here as it is to remember that we were suffering as though damned only a few weeks ago.

But the summer of 1953 was a notable one in Montreal, so for the record we must keep the account straight in order to help a failing memory. According to the Quebec Tourist Bureau, more than two million Americans (slightly less than half the total tourist influx) visited Montreal between New Year's and Labor Day. They spent more than a hundred million dollars in restaurants, stores and hotels. So it was a profitable summer for merchants, restaurateurs and hotel keepers and they are all in need of a long vacation.

Montreal was host to a record number of conventions whose eighty-thousand-odd delegates accounted for eight per cent of the total income derived from tourists during the season. Nor is the door marked "visitors" closed yet. During September and October, according to the Montreal Tourist Bureau, most of the wealthy businessmen of this continent take their holidays, and there is nothing that a wealthy man appears to enjoy more than hunting animals with pelts or antlers that he can take home. On his way to and fro the hunter invariably spends time in Montreal.

IT IS A singular thing, this power of Montreal to attract tourists. We have no adequate theatre, no great annual exhibition like Toronto, no outstanding sports events after the Stanley Cup playoffs have been decided. Yet there is the year-round phenomenon of visitors in Montreal during the heat, humidity and smoke of summer as well as the cold, fog and smoke of winter. The stranger on the street in Montreal is as much a part of the scenery as the sight-seeing buses and horse-drawn calèches and sleighs lined up to entice him.

I have decided that tourists like Montreal because it is one of the few cities in North America that does not die after dark. (Let's leave New York out of it.) If you have friends in almost any other North American city you are all right after dark. If you haven't, you are more likely than not to feel depressed and lonely, because most large cities can seem as desolate as an empty factory to the stranger when he is wandering around the streets at night.

You start out to take a walk because that is the best way to learn something about the kind of place you are in for the night. A street that was crowded in the day is deserted now, but there's a sign of life at the corner, so you wander on and discover that the lights that drew you come from a drug store or a theatre that's running the same movie you saw a month ago with your wife in your home town. You see another stray pedestrian looking into a shop

window half a block away. When you reach it, you find that he had been looking at a display of vacuum sweepers or business machines resting alone under dimmed lights.

City nocturne . . . an adding machine in a locked store, illuminated by concealed neons, with no columns of figures to add. Such a machine, studied after dark by a lonely man in a strange town, offers a calculation more subtle than any feat of mathematics which an adding machine can accomplish in its working hours. It poses a problem of its own: how large and far-reaching is the aseptic spiritual poverty in a civilization whose urban streets are so dull after working hours that the natives flee them to hole up in houses where they read the paper, look at television images and go to sleep?

"I hate to see that evening sun go down . . ." For how many strangers in how many North American cities has that line been spoken?

Of course there are exceptions; what is a general rule without them? New York, New Orleans, Mexico City, Chicago, San Francisco . . . and Montreal. In spite of heat, smoke, traffic congestion, humidity, dirt and high prices Montreal attracts millions of strangers every year, both convention-attenders and holiday-takers, because it is at night that Montreal becomes most vital and lively. Much of Montreal's night life is ugly, some of it is vicious and sordid, but to the visitor it is seldom dull. There are few cities on the continent where the stranger feels less solitary when the evening sun goes down.

And during this summer of '53 the nocturnal life of downtown Montreal was never more colorful. As always, the doorsteps of the poorer sections were crowded after dark and the sidewalks cluttered with chairs. Mean little backyards looked romantically gay when tables were lugged out of kitchens and neighbors came to sit and drink beer, the men stripped to the waist, the women dressed in imitation of girls in the movies.

A young woman from New York who happened to be in Montreal during the last heat wave said she had never encountered such familiarity on the sidewalks anywhere, not even in Paris.

"Strange men spoke to me wherever I went," she said.

"Summers are hot but short up here. Did you mind?"

She smiled. "That's not a question to ask a lady."

HUGH MACLENNAN

•

They Say:

Chicago Daily News: We have been annoyed too long by a growing habit among inspirational orators. That is to assert that although "scientists say" that a bumble-bee cannot fly, the little fellow, by grit, determination and ignorance of his limitations, goes ahead and does it anyhow.

Mostly this is offered to prove that one can do the impossible, if he only tries. Other times it serves as evidence that scientists are pretty stupid, ready to deny fact if it conflicts with theory.

It is quite possible that some whimsical engineer may once have argued that, by accepted principles of aviation design, a bumblebee's wingspread is too small for his weight. But he didn't forget that an exceptional power plant overcame the deficiency.

What with wars, taxes and the traffic problem, we would like to be relieved of this little irritation. To help along a recognition that this gag has gone too far, we will contribute $10 to a home for grounded bumblebees if anybody can produce a scientist who says they can't fly.

The New York Times: If engineers are able to eliminate all the bugs in construction and materials, Toronto expects to have in operation by the end of this year a quiet subway system. This should enable many who travel to and fro daily in that city to enjoy the kind of balanced stability which induces more or less profound cerebral exercise, and a marked increase in this civilizing pastime may result. How visitors from New York, Chicago, Boston or Philadelphia might be affected by a ride in Toronto's silent subways one can only guess; perhaps the transit authorities would be wise to arrange for the occasional services of a psychiatric counsellor at certain transfer points to look out for fugitives from the IRT, BMT or IND.

When *he* goes abroad—he flies *B·O·A·C*

It's pleasant to note how many well-known names appear on B.O.A.C. passenger lists. It's still more pleasant to hear such people comment on their flights—praising little things as well as big ones.

The little touches of British service . . . as well as the excellence of B.O.A.C. meals and vintage wines. The stimulating conversation in the downstairs lounge . . . as well as the swift smoothness of B.O.A.C.'s double-deck Stratocruisers. The invitingly turned-down covers of a sleeper-berth . . . as well as the sense of comfort that comes from B.O.A.C.'s 20,000,000 miles of transatlantic flying.

Try this *only* first-class service between Montreal and Britain. From then on, you, too, will say: *"When I go abroad, I fly B.O.A.C."*

Bookings through your travel agent . . . railway ticket office or

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

MONTREAL · TORONTO · VANCOUVER *In U.S.A.: New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami*

THE CANADIAN

Monarch

Sovereign of the Air

Montreal-London direct. Also B.O.A.C. first-class Stratocruisers between Montreal, Glasgow and London, and world-famous Constellation service at tourist fares.

Ottawa Letter

No Cheers for the Trade Figures

OUR ECONOMIC records show clearly that foreign trade has always been one of the chief tributaries of the river of Canadian prosperity, because at least one third of our economic machine is geared for the production of exportable surpluses. So a strong flood of foreign trade has always created a high level of prosperity and, whenever this stream has dried up, a business recession has followed. Now its present condition cannot be diagnosed as healthy and Prime Minister St. Laurent admitted as much in a speech which he delivered recently to the International Municipal Congress at Montreal.

The trade returns for July, the latest monthly figures available, placed the value of our exports for the month at $398.3 million, which was a gain of $23.2 million, over the figure for July, 1952. But there was a much larger gain of $65.5 million in the value of our imports—$407.6 million against $342.2 million in July, 1952.

The returns for July brought the total value of exports for the first seven months of 1953 to $2,418 million, which represented a decline of almost $79 million from 1952's comparable figure of $2,496.9 million. Since the value of imports in this period showed a rise of $330.7 million, a debit trade balance of $206.2 million was substituted for the credit balance of $203.4 millions shown in the first seven months of 1952.

An adverse trade balance in the first half of the year has been quite a common occurrence, but it has often been changed to a favorable balance by a heavy outflow of exports, particularly of grain, in the second half. But this year the export trade in grain has been comparatively meagre during a period when it is usually at its peak, and as long as the Government persists in keeping the price asked for Canadian wheat in conformity with the price demanded by the United States, there is little prospect of an immediate expansion of grain exports on a scale large enough to wipe out the adverse trade balance of the first seven months of the year. It is this adverse trade balance which was the chief factor in leaving Canada with a serious debit of $365 million in her total international transactions in the first half of 1953; there was a credit balance of $69 million in the first half of 1952. The deficit would have been much larger if there had not been a heavy inflow of American "risk" capital for investment in Canadian enterprises, notably in oilfields and mining ventures.

The trade returns also reveal that, whereas in the seven-month period the value of our exports to the United States rose by roughly 100 million (to $1,422.3 million from $1,322.7 million), the value of our imports from the United States showed a much larger rise of $257.7 million to $1,962.1 million. Therefore our adverse trade balance with our neighbor increased by $157.1 million to $539.8 million.

Meanwhile, for the seven months, the total value of our exports to the United Kingdom shrank to $397.1 million compared with $473.4 million in the same period of 1952, and, since our imports from the United Kingdom rose in value to $266.2 from $195.5 million, the British must be well pleased to have had their adverse trade balance for the period almost cut in half—to $130.9 million from $277.9 million. The reduction of our total sales to countries other than the United States during this period (down to $995.7 million from $1,174.7 million) represented a general shrinkage of about 16 per cent in our trade with overseas countries.

There was good reason then, for the Prime Minister to talk in an almost apologetic strain in his speech upon trade policy at Montreal. There was an admirable candor in his admission that his government might have erred in letting too many of Canada's trade eggs go into one basket, which is obvious when it is seen that the United States has this year up to July contributed 75 per cent of our imports and absorbed about 59 per cent of our exports.

PAST EXPERIENCE shows that the American market for our exports has always been precarious, exposed as it is to the effect of changes of administration and tariff policy at Washington. It would have been elementary wisdom on the part of our Government to have taken some forethought for the conservation of overseas markets against the day when a revival of the political ascendancy of the Republican party, with its high protectionist traditions, or a serious business slump in the United States threatened our southward export trade. But Ministers were serenely confident that the close intertwining of the economies of Canada and the United States, which they have sedulously encouraged, would be a safe insurance for our export trade southward and felt that they could afford to be indifferent about the loss of overseas markets.

As a consequence, they now have to pray daily that the liberal elements in the Republican party, who seem to have the backing of President Eisenhower, may prevail over the high protectionists, and that, if they cannot achieve the comprehensive liberalization of the American tariff policy advocated in the Douglas report, they can at least prevent any serious moves towards higher tariffs.

The Commission which is to examine and pronounce upon the proposals of Mr. Douglas has been provided with authoritative personnel representing various interests, and for its chairmanship President Eisenhower has made a very happy choice in Clarence Randall, who must be a rare bird among the steel magnates of the United States. His articles

ACHIEVEMENT

THE

WORLD SPEED RECORD

has been broken

for Great Britain

by a Vickers Supermarine Swift.

Again the successful aircraft

was powered by a

ROLLS-ROYCE

AVON

AERO ENGINE

(Subject to Official Confirmation)

ROLLS-ROYCE OF CANADA LTD., COTE DE LIESSE ROAD, MONTREAL

FAMILY SECURITY NEEDS CAREFUL PLANNING

SEE OUR REPRESENTATIVE . . . *That's His Business*

THE

MANUFACTURERS LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

in the *Atlantic Monthly* have disclosed not merely literary gifts of high quality, but also a sound grasp of economic principles and an enlightened approach to current domestic and international problems.

It remains to be seen, however, what attention will be paid at Washington to the plea of Prime Minister St. Laurent that since Canada has embarked upon a heavy program of capital investment specially planned to meet the needs of the United States, her economic fortunes merit special consideration when American tariff policy is being framed. The retort of the American protectionists to this plea will be that there was not the slightest compulsion upon Canada to plan her investment program on these lines, and that in any case this program has been a great stimulator of her present prosperity.

The blame for the loss of overseas markets does not rest wholly on the shoulders of Liberal trade policy. Many of our labor unions are now firmly imbued with the idea that Canadian wage scales should be on a parity with those in the United States, and in recent weeks there has been a frequent resort to strikes of serious dimensions, to enforce demands for higher wages.

Illuminating light upon the situation which has developed from the success of the campaigns of the unions for higher wages, has been thrown by the *Winnipeg Free Press* through the publication of data gleaned from the bulletins of the Bureau of Statistics. These show that in December, 1951, the Bureau's index for industrial payrolls stood at 416.7 and its index for average industrial wages and salaries at 223.6; the average per capita weekly earnings of reported workers was $52.41. By July, 1953, the index for industrial payrolls had climbed to 462.7 and for average industrial wages and salaries to 246.3; the average per capita weekly earnings had risen to $59.20.

The *Free Press* also cites the opinion of one of the Government's labor experts that the frequent easy capitulation to the demands of labor is due to the fact that the executives of many industries have ceased to bother about labor costs, because they had formed the habit of passing along wage increases to the consumer in the form of higher prices.

The *Free Press* has also published data showing that, during a period when organized labor was faring well, there had been an ominous deterioration in the fortunes of Canada's farmers. The index of the Bureau of Statistics for the farm prices of agricultural products in July stood at 244.9 which was 5 points lower than the June figure of 249.9 and roughly 52 points below the average figure for the whole year 1951. The figure for July, 1953, is based on the lowered initial and interim payments for western grains; if account were taken of the additional payments which will accrue to the grain growers, the month's index might be raised 5 points, but even this gain would keep it 47 points below the level of 1951.

Heavy crops can offset a decline in farm prices, but even the superabundant harvest of 1952 did not prevent a drop in the aggregate cash income of our farmers in the first half of 1953, and there is no certainty of good crops every year. When farmers with diminished incomes have to pay higher prices for the manufactured goods they must buy, they are entitled to resent this dangerous disequilibrium in our economy. It is strange that the leaders of the parties in opposition have remained silent about it since the election.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

I See by the Papers

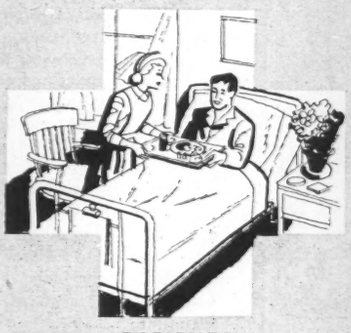
Approximately holds all cheer,
(About? Why, that's from famine!)
Down with the dirty dog, A Year!
Up with the prince, Per Annum!

In bad old days a house was bought,
(No grace — no style — no resonance!)
But now we show what God hath wrought
By purchasing a residence.

All hail the flabby, fuzzy word,
The bubble-gum locution!—
Let us have every corpse interred,
Each mite a Lilliputian.

Prize every young verbosity,
Guard lest its sprouts be hacked at;
Thus, even Because has spread to be
By-reason-of-the-fact-that.

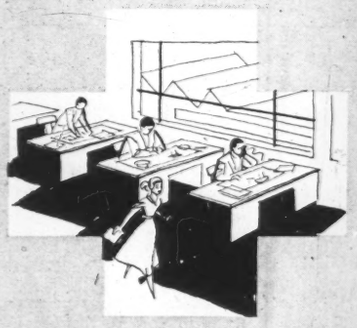
J. M. DUNSMORE



PATIENTS

Over 20,000 a month in Ontario whose hospital bills are "prepaid" through Blue Cross know that.....

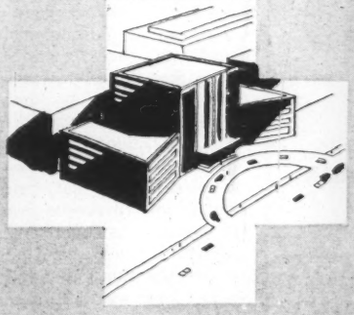
Blue Cross IS THE ANSWER



BUSINESS & INDUSTRY

Management and employees of 10,000 enrolled Blue Cross groups in Ontario know that for the basis of a good health-welfare programme.....

Blue Cross IS THE ANSWER



PUBLIC HOSPITALS

all over the Continent in their daily experience with patients' unexpected hospital bills know that.....

Blue Cross IS THE ANSWER

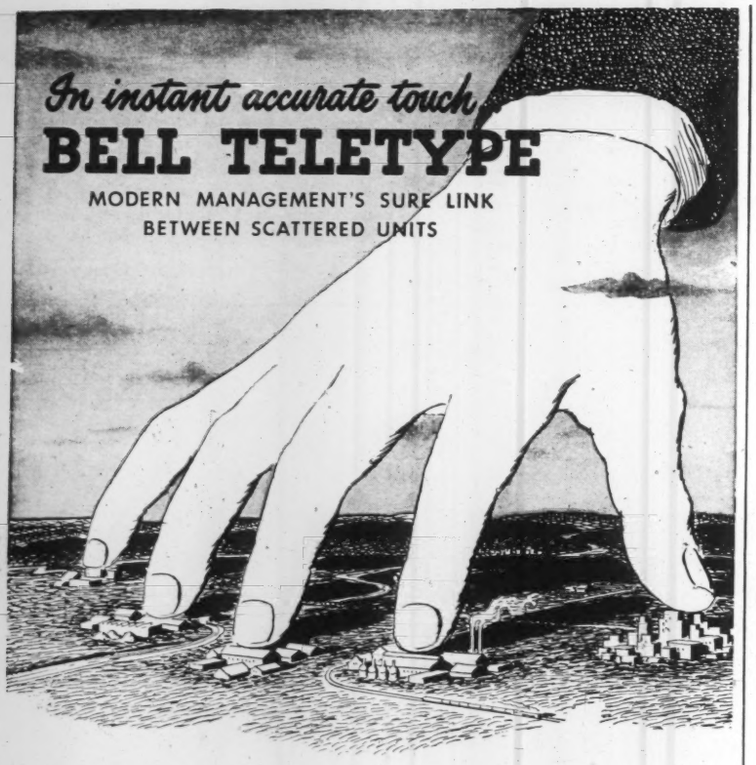
Inquire about the new Blue Cross Medical "in-Hospital" benefits for employee groups of six or more.

BLUE CROSS PLAN FOR HOSPITAL CARE
ONTARIO HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

1952 Financial Statement available on request.

Toronto 5, Ontario

K.C. M&L-53



BACKED BY BELL

When installed and maintained by Bell personnel, your teletype service is backed by all the research experience of Canada's communications experts. Messages are carried over telephone lines. That means *extra* dependability, because 95% are in cables, safer from interruptions.

Quickly, accurately, BELL TELETYPE flashes your message to branch office or factory — across the street or across the country — brings you your answer in black and white. If your business has more than one unit, you'll save time with teletype. For a demonstration, just call our nearest Business Office, and a Bell expert will be glad to visit you.

BELL TELETYPE
ANOTHER DEPENDABLE BELL SERVICE

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Established 1899
CONTINENTAL
THE
CONTINENTAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Wishing won't do it but Life Insurance will
FOUR SQUARE LIFE
Head Office: TORONTO

Lighter Side

The Eccentric Fringe

PRESIDENT SIDNEY SMITH of Toronto University recently pointed out that Canada is short of "characters"; and, in the wider public sense at least, the President is probably right. We have no characters in Canada as turbulent as Senator McCarthy or as dramatic as General MacArthur, none whatever to correspond to Mr. Mossadegh or even to Mr. Aneurin Bevan. Our larger statesmen figure that to wear a bow-tie in public is to approach the limits of eccentricity.

At the mayoral level we do a little better. Mayor Houde of Montreal, Mayor Whitton of Ottawa and Mayor Lamport of Toronto, are all "characters" in the sense described by President Smith; that is, all three have a resounding "capacity for dissent."

Oddly enough, this trend toward liveliness and variety started in the conservative East. In the West, public figures still seem to be content to reveal themselves as characters by combining Bible-class teaching with funny-money theories.

There are, of course, the Doukhobors, whose capacity for dissent has been harassing public officials, embarrassing the police, outraging editorial writers and delighting the newsreel camera-men for years. The Doukhobors at least have contributed their share towards ruffling the placid surface of Canadian life.

We should be more appreciative as well of the private eccentrics and characters who never appear in public print or in the newsreels. Since they live in their own rather special world, their contribution to national life is limited. But they do their best to resist what President Smith describes as "the insidious pressure of modern society."

There was, for instance, Mr. Leopold Ffolke who used to haunt the University of Toronto before President Smith's time. It was Mr. Ffolke's theory that the earth was flat, and he dedicated most of his time to deflating the mass-ideas set up by Copernicus and Galileo. He had a model of our universe set up in his room (all the planets were flat) and he occasionally invited people over to see it. He was able to square his ideas with gravitational theory and he demanded serious scientific attention from his visitors. He was deeply outraged one day when one of his guests suggested that the Ffolke system accounted for the mysterious disappearance of Ambrose Small, the theatrical magnate having simply stepped over the edge. It was a dangerous idea to advance, for Mr. Ffolke had a formidable capacity for dissent and had been known to throw rocks through the front windows of people who disagreed with him.

A milder type of eccentric was the Toronto lawyer who used to make his own suits. He simply got tired of the measurings, fittings and derogatory figures set down by his tailor, so he went out and bought himself a bolt of cloth and ran himself up a suit on his wife's sewing machine. After that he made all his own suits, which gradually became indistinguishable from the suits of any rather careless dresser, except that he occasionally neglected to take out the bastings.

Another distinguished local eccentric was an elderly mathematician who fell in love with Norma Shearer, the screen star. He was a very eminent mathematician, one of the few men on this continent entitled to sit down and talk shop with Albert Einstein. His acquaintanceship with Professor Einstein was largely a matter of mathematical correspondence, and so, rather curiously, was his affair with Miss Shearer. He had developed a mathematical theory of Causality and he impulsively dedicated the printed treatise to the star, who responded graciously and sent him her photograph.

The photograph, which was blown up to almost life size, showed Miss Shearer in décolletage and pearls, and occupied a salient position in the bathroom. The bathroom itself was covered, floor and walls, with movable tile which could be shifted and assembled into various mathematical formulae. Nothing could have been odder than the sight of Miss Shearer presiding over this décor. "God, how beautiful!" he would exclaim when showing the bathroom to visitors, who never knew whether the reference was meant for Miss Shearer or for the surrounding equations.

Then there was the elderly lady who used to be a constant attendant at the open meetings of the Royal Canadian Institute. She always came prepared with yards of crochet work, and her needles flashed incessantly through lectures on thermo-dynamics, hydraulics, astrophysics, radiology, and wild life preservation. The thing that really distinguished her as an eccentric, however, was the wonderful madness of her hats. She once turned up wearing, in defiance of wild life conservation, a hat trimmed with real trilliums, which drooped more and more dejectedly as the lecture ("Recent Developments in Geodetics") wore on.

It was the thought of these sturdy dissenters, and a dozen more like them, that cheered me when I read President Smith's warning to the incoming university class. Canada isn't short of characters, but they are a shy species and have to be sought out in their own world—a world luminous with common sense, with themselves as centre and the rest of us relegated to the eccentric fringe.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

A Personal Investment in Good Reading

ARTHUR TOYNBEE

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Professor COCKCROFT

HESKETH PEARSON

SEÂN O'FAOLÂIN

Professor BRONOWSKI

LORD KINROSS

COMPTON MACKENZIE

Some recent contributors

The Listener

Alice, when she stepped through the looking-glass, found a new world of adventure. Almost in the same spirit, readers of THE LISTENER open its cover each week to discover a new world of knowledge and learning. Here, represented in the best of the talks broadcast by the British Broadcasting Corporation, are the authoritative, unbiased views of experts on current affairs, art, literature, science and music—reviewing the past, examining the present, and considering the future. New verse by eminent poets, book reviews and art criticism are other features of THE LISTENER that you will enjoy.

ACT NOW! MAIL THESE COUPONS TO-DAY

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **Province** .....

Mail this coupon with your remittance to BBC Publications, London, W.1, England, or to your usual agency.

Please register my subscription to The Listener for ☐ 1 year ($5.00), ☐ 2 years ($8.50), ☐ 3 years ($11.50).

I enclose remittance of .....

Send for a **FREE** copy of **London Calling**

To: BBC Publications, London, W.1 England

Please send a free sample copy of London Calling

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

1942 . . . HIS MAJESTY'S YANKEES

1944 . . . ROGER SUDDEN

1946 . . . PRIDE'S FANCY

1948 . . HALIFAX: WARDEN OF THE NORTH

1950 . . THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP

1953 . . .

TIDEFALL

a magnificent new novel by Canada's great novelist

Thomas H. RADDALL $3.75

McCLELLAND AND STEWART LIMITED
The Canadian Publishers

Sheraton Table and Chair

This beautiful matched set of Sheraton furniture is constructed of solid mahogany. The coffee table is inlaid, and oval in shape with distinctive spade feet. The Hepplewhite chair has the hand-carved shield back with the Prince of Wales feathers and can be upholstered to your individual taste in a variety of luxurious fabrics. Both these pieces have the deep rich hand-rubbed finish and construction for which Lionel Rawlinson is famous.

LIONEL RAWLINSON LIMITED

Designers and Makers of Fine Furniture

647-649 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
1527 CRESCENT STREET, MONTREAL

Est. 1883

Art

Blind Spots in Canada

ONE OFTEN HEARS Canadian complaints that the United States shows too little interest in Canadian art. At the same time, Canadian galleries have set no example for their American counterparts. They own virtually no American paintings of any significance. While their committees have been busy buying—and in some cases over-buying—high-priced works by European and English contemporaries, they have purchased little or nothing by American artists, whose work is at least as close to us as that of Europeans.

Canada's creative traffic moves north and south rather than east and west. The ardent sponsorship of European painting is admirable, but out of focus. Our cultural character is linked as much with the U.S. as with the U.K. We live on the same land mass and divide a continent's riches. We have common speech and habits, and we have a communal interest in literature and music. But in art there seems to be an artificial barrier between us.

Much of the Canadian approach to painting is understandably Anglophile and Francophile. Despite this, few Old World painters are as close to the character of our nation as, say, Winslow Homer, Albert Pinkham Ryder, Thomas Eakins, Marsden Hartley, John Sloan or George Bellows. As far as we have been able to uncover, not one of these New World Masters is represented in a Canadian gallery.

Winslow Homer painted many of his great watercolors in Quebec Province. Albert Pinkham Ryder, the father of the modern romantic school, was a close personal friend of Montreal's Sir William Van Horne. Van Horne bought two of Ryder's major works directly from the artist. When part of the Van Horne collection was dispersed in 1946, both of these paintings were allowed to fall into American hands. Why didn't our National Gallery trustees make a determined move to bid for one of these acknowledged masterpieces, which are at least as important to Canadian art traditions as most European masters and which could have been bought for a fraction of the $100,000 plus that Ottawa recently put out for an admittedly good Rembrandt?

By ignoring American painting, our galleries are depriving students of a vital part of their own tradition. To the early itinerant painters, there was no barrier between the two countries. Canada claims the pioneer recorder, Cornelius Krieghoff, as one of her own, though he chose to begin his New World career in the U.S., and died in Chicago. George Reid, who helped found the Art Gallery of Toronto and had such a long-standing influence upon art in Ontario, studied in Philadelphia, as did Paul Peel. Horatio Walker exhibited more in Manhattan than in Canada and has even been claimed as an American painter. Homer Watson was closely associated for a period with the noted U.S. landscape painter, George Pierce Inness. Emily Carr received her initial art training in San Francisco. A large number of important Canadian artists attended the Art Students' League in New York, including David Milne, Charles Comfort, Lemoine Fitzgerald, Goodridge Roberts, and John Alfsen. Other leading contemporaries, Jack Humphrey, André Bieler, Lillian Freiman, Roloff Beny and Lionel Thomas studied in studios south of the border.

The debt of Canadian art to U.S. schools and examples is enormous, and too often it is ignored. Canadian curators, collectors and teachers would do well to shake off some of their predilections and prejudices, and recognize this debt.

PAUL DUVAL

BUY YOUR BOOKS
FROM
BURNILL'S BOOKSHOP
100 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Mail Orders over $5.00 Postpaid

FOR READERS WHO WANT THE LATEST

Adventure — biography — fiction — history . . . what is *your* interest?

Let us mail you all those new books you've seen reviewed lately but can't find in the nearest library. You can borrow them from our MAILBAG READING ROOM or buy them postage free from our sales room.

On loan books we pay postage both ways and supply the wrapper. All you do is enjoy the book. No waiting — no fines — no duns, and the cost to you works out to only a few cents a day.

For *YOUR* reading, write

CANABOOKS
P.O. BOX 381 — LONDON, ONTARIO

Books

Adventures in Indecency

WHEN A WRITER'S work has been condemned as indecent it becomes difficult to look at it with honest critical eyes. There will be those who will revile it and deny it all merit because it offends against their morals; there will be others who champion it, and attribute extravagant merit to it because it has been attacked, and because they want to show that they are free of vulgar prejudice. No critic worth the name wants to join either of these camps, but he is forced to pay some attention to what they say. I have before me a selection from the writings of the Marquis de Sade, and an edition of the unexpurgated text of *The Monk*, by M. G. Lewis. What can I honestly say about them?

Let me calm the fears of the moralists at once by saying that neither book is likely to corrupt the young, and therefore there is no need to rush to Ottawa and create a moralistic hubbub before a Senate committee. The young who want sadism will find it dished up much more to their taste in the works of Mickey Spillane; *The Monk* would scarcely cause them to lift an eyebrow, for its indecency is on too high a level for the drugstore literati to understand. Yet curious and discriminating readers will find pleasure in both these books, for both are filled with an enthusiasm—a real writer's zest—which excuses their many faults. Sade and Lewis are of interest today not merely because they wrote indecently, but because they wrote with talent. In both cases it was an ill-disciplined, confused talent, but a sturdy and assertive one.

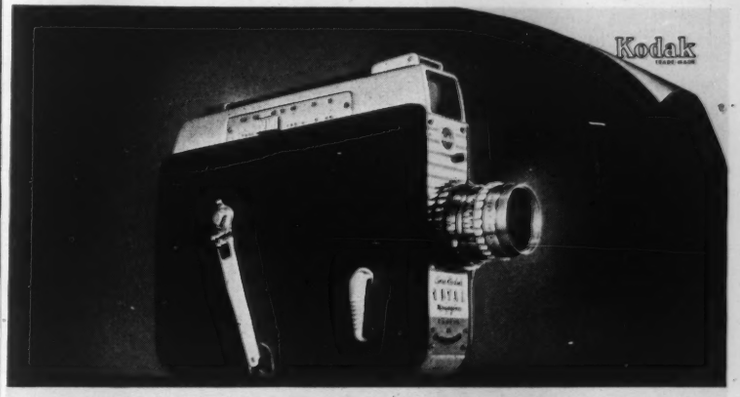
Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade, was born in 1740 of an old and distinguished Provençal family; he lived to be 74, and spent nearly 21 years in prisons for sexual offences, and because he was politically objectionable to Napoleon. His wickedness, as it appears in court reports and police records, is not exceptional; he was in trouble because he enticed a beggar named Rose Keller to his house, where he stripped and beat her, and he was found guilty of giving sugar almonds containing an aphrodisiac to some women at Marseilles. He was also known to the police as a man who was cruel to prostitutes. As the records of sexual offenders go, his was a mild one.

It was Sade's books, rather than his deeds, that gave him the reputation of a monster, and added the word "sadism" to the vocabulary of the psychopathologists. He wrote a great many novels and plays, some of which go to extreme lengths in describing sexual orgies involving cruelty. Copies of these are not easy to find in French, and so far as I know the selection under review is the only one of its kind in English. It is prefaced by Simone de Beauvoir's essay *Must We Burn Sade?* but excellent as this is in its way, it will not be enough for readers who really want to find out what Sade was like; for that they will have to turn to some such work as the book about him by Eugen Dühren (the pen name of Iwan Bloch). Madame de Beauvoir writes, of course, from a fashionable Existentialist point of view, and while she does not thump the Existentialist drum in frenzy she keeps it rumbling; Sade's virtue, in her eyes, is that he chose to surrender himself to his temperament rather than to be indifferent to its promptings, or to deny them for fear of a morality in which he did not believe.

The Beauvoir essay, however, is not the bulk of the book. That consists of ten selections from Sade's works, translated by Paul Dinnage. I must protest that the translation is not complete; several passages which apparently were too much for Mr. Dinnage's modesty are printed in French, and I consider this prurient and dishonest. Anybody who can read those passages can read all of Sade in the original tongue, if he can get hold of the books; anybody who cannot read French has been cheated of what he thought he was buying—a translation. Apart from this fault the selections achieve their purpose of giving us an idea of Sade's scope and quality. The muddled philosophizing, the fake reasoning, the sentimentality and the obscenity are all here.

ALTHOUGH I have read a good deal about Sade, this book gave me my first chance to read anything by him, and for a time I wondered if he might not be a great unrecognized humorist. His enormities are too extravagant to horrify; they suggest a wild, exuberant fun. But by the time I had finished the book I had abandoned this idea. Sade took his pipe-dreams quite seriously. He was an aristocrat, and aristocrats, like proletarians, are never consciously humorous; intentional humor is a quality which seems to flourish only among the middle class. He meant his giants who eat excrement, and his ladies who commit enormities beside the craters of volcanoes, to shock and astonish us. As a literary artist, Sade must be given a niche with the unconscious humorists—I suggest a place between Amanda Ros and Marie Corelli. Sadism is undoubtedly very disagreeable in action; as the mainspring of a prose romance by its inventor it is funny, in an amateur sort of way. But Sade wrote with zest, and while this selection does not fire me with the urge to read all of his books at full length, I enjoyed the sample. Historically and because of the life that is in it, this writing still commands respect.

Matthew Gregory Lewis was born in 1775 and lived to be 46. When he



Loads movie film in 3 seconds!

Cine-Kodak Royal Magazine Camera, 16mm.

Magazine loading . . . no film "threading"; switch from outdoor to indoor color any time you wish.
Kodak's finest lens . . . the Ektar *f*/1.9 Lens gives needle-sharp pictures; complete color purity.
Easy-to-dial exposure . . . built-in exposure guide "dials" the right settings, indoors or out.
Slow motion . . . 3 operating speeds including slow motion—plus single-frame exposures.
Makes big 16mm. movies . . . for home or club screenings. A lifetime movie maker at $208. Consult your Kodak dealer.

Price is subject to change without notice

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario

Mont St. Michel—a miracle in stone!

Come To France

LAND OF LEGEND AND ROMANCE!

Yes, there's a different, exciting world awaiting you in France! A wonderful world of culture, beauty, and charm . . . eager to lay its treasures—and heart—at your feet!

You'll marvel at soaring cathedrals and fairy-tale chateaux—delight in glorious scenery—relax under the spell of this gay and exciting country! And everywhere you go, you'll discover the most superb food and wine in the world. See your travel agent *today* and let him arrange your complete trip. And for maps and free booklets, write:

French Government Tourist Office

1170 DRUMMOND STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q.

was nineteen he wrote *The Monk*, and although he wrote some novels and plays and a good deal of verse later in his life this is the only one of his works that is of interest to the general reader now. The book was greatly admired when it was new, and was praised by Sir Walter Scott and Coleridge; Scott probably liked it because of its kinship with his own far superior romantic vein; he was notoriously generous in his estimation of other men's work. Coleridge can hardly have been taken in by its fake moralizing and flabby philosophy; we can only assume that it appealed to him as to Scott—because it was the kind of thing which he was to do much better at a later date. The first printing of the book was condemned as indecent in some quarters, and Lewis expurgated subsequent editions; the new text is the complete one, and its indecency is of the mildest character.

The criticism of our age, however, is touched with the theories of Freud and his disciples, and in the light of their discoveries *The Monk* takes on new interest. Lewis was thought by his contemporaries to be a homosexual, and this romance supports that opinion. The work of any writer contains some portions of his own private fantasies, variously disguised, and in a book by a young man of 19, completed in ten weeks, the disguise may not be a heavy one. In *The Monk* we see Lewis's projection of himself not so much in the tortured monk Ambrosio, as in the demonic heroine Matilda, and the angelic heroine Antonia. The former, disguised as a young monk, Rosario, gains access to a Capuchin monastery and seduces the abbot, Ambrosio; the latter is the victim of Ambrosio's awakened lust.

The book is badly constructed, and written in a muddy rhetorical style; but the plot, which seems absurd on the surface, lives because it is intensely imagined by the author; it is his dream which he has brought forth for all men to see. Why the book was ever condemned as indecent is hard to understand, but I think it may be because the hero and chief wrongdoer is a monk, and lust among the clergy alarms where laymen's lust is hardly noticed. Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* still enjoys some notoriety as a naughty book, because Claude Frollo desires the gypsy Esmeralda in its pages. But *The Monk* will disturb no one at this late date, though it will amuse anybody who is in search of an extravagant Gothic novel.

The new edition contains a preface by John Berryman in which he makes extreme claims for *The Monk*, and even calls Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus* "frivolous by comparison". This is evidence of nothing except the fantastic opinions a critic may express when he wants to crack up a mediocre old book which somebody wants to republish. But such unwise enthusiasm turns us against Lewis, making us feel with Byron that he was "a clever man, but a bore, one may say, a damned bore". There was nothing great about Lewis, either as man or author. But he was interesting, and that is enough.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

MARQUIS DE SADE, with an essay by Simone de Beauvoir and selections from his writings translated by Paul Dinnage—pp. 236, with notes and bibliography—*Nelson, Foster & Scott—$6.00.*

THE MONK, by Matthew G. Lewis—text arranged by Louis F. Peck—introduction by John Berryman—pp. 420 and notes—*Nelson, Foster & Scott—$5.75.*

In Brief

THE RULING FEW by Sir David Kelly—pp. 444 indexed—*Palm Publishers Press—$5.00.*

Sir David Kelly's long and able career as a diplomat had its culmination and anticlimax when he was British Ambassador to Moscow 1948-51. In Stalinist Russia ambassadorial qualities were sterilized: "The whole technique of acquiring personal influence with a foreign people had been reduced to practically nothing." Sir David suffered from this, for the memoir reveals his personality and belief in personalities to be his strength as a diplomat. One eye is inquiring and charming, the other adroit and shrewd.

The distinction of the book lies not in its impressions of foreign places, chancelleries and important people, but in Sir David's philosophy towards statecraft and society. He has learned from books as well as experience. He quotes Oxenstjerna's famous warning to his son, "You will be surprised to find with how little wisdom the world is governed," and he has "many times seen personal likes or dislikes, per-

The Pause that Refreshes

Shoppers have to meet a budget but they want quality, too.

When it comes to refreshment,

more people ask for Coke

than any other soft drink in the world.

That's easy to understand . . .

besides its matchless flavor,

Coca-Cola has quality you can trust.

Pause for a Coke as you shop . . . it's delicious.

You trust its quality

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK. COCA-COLA LTD.

sonal health, vanity, prejudice or just lack of time for proper consideration decide important issues." The few will always rule, despite the influence of egalitarianism. The ordinary man is a passive and uncomprehending agent.

The diplomat's attitude is limned in the prologue, the book's most exciting chapter. There follow acute vignettes of his formative years. Especially memorable are the figures of F. H. Walker, great headmaster of St. Paul's school and teacher of Chesterton and Viscount Montgomery, and of his wealthy, erratic and erudite son, R. J. Walker, who became Sir David's stepfather. I highly recommend this brilliant memoir.

MEN IN THE SHADOWS—by Stanley Firmin—pp. 204—*McGraw-Hill*—$3.25.

Styled as "Crime Correspondent of the (London) *Daily Telegraph*," Mr. Firmin is knowledgeable about Scotland Yard's masterly flat-foots and their ways; he is also a superlative master of the flat-footed cliché. Flying Squad drivers spin their wheels with consummate skill, weaving through a nest of side streets, giving strident warning, spelling the end of a headlong flight of daring crooks as the car screams to a halt and their game is up — another dramatic incident in the thrilling annals of the Flying Squad.

The respectable *Telegraph* may permit itself to suffer Mr. F's adjectival warp because of his exciting woof — good, sound and apparently authentic detective stuff, every page of it. The Underworld is under the web and if this reviewer were wanting background material to write a *roman policier* he would go to bed with the Men In Shadows, Flying Squad and Ghost Squad three nights in a row.

HEAD HUNTING IN ECUADOR — by Karl Eskelnund — pp. 200 — *Ambassador Books* —$4.00.

Head-hunters apparently exist as near to Canada as Ecuador. Perhaps it is good for our geographical knowledge and autumn firesides that authorship has become more attractive than beachcombing to wanderers in far places. The author makes his home at Guatemala, from which he ventured to Ecuador for this gossipy story. One anecdote involves a Canadian woodcutter on trial for his life as a cook. He baked a pie of deer-dung, with chocolate frosting. . . Beneath the frosting of this book there is some solid material.

FRIEND OR FOE?—by Lt.-Col. Oreste Pinto—pp. 188—*Smithers & Bonellie*—$3.00.

Colonel Pinto's profession for thirty years has been counter-intelligence; he is an expert at bringing spies to bay. During the war he operated with the British MI-5, but chiefly on behalf of his own Dutch government. The book is well padded by discussions of the problems and some of his methods. Colonel Pinto specifically relates four wartime cases in which the game of cross and double-cross was damnably intriguing.

Between November 1941 and April 1943 fifty-two Dutch secret agents from England were dropped or landed in Holland. All were sooner or later arrested by the Germans and forty-seven were tried and executed. Why this frightful failure? Because one of them was a double agent in league with the Germans.

With the modesty of Hercule Poirot, Colonel Pinto makes it apparent that few spies escaped his sharp eyes, amazing memory and bright brain. And he tells his tales as artfully as Agatha Christie. Incidentally, Colonel Pinto says he has never come across a "worthwhile" woman spy.

THE RETURN TO REASON—edited by John Wild—pp. 373—*Saunders*—$9.75.

Nothing in God's green earth is as tough as a tough-minded American scholar, especially when he is a philosopher. Scientists may allow us the titillation of an elephant sliding down a grassy slope as a prelude to a pure problem in physics. These fourteen essayists in realistic philosophy are sterner, baldly technical. Yet they are challenging: "By neglecting . . . realistic principles and by evading . . . basic philosophic questions from which alone a disciplined clarification and defence of such principles may arise, we believe that influential Anglo-American philosophies have propagated subjectivist, irrational and relativistic modes of thought which are empirically unsound and culturally demoralizing." It is a formidable book.

The realism they severally preach is not created in this book into a formal philosophic structure, even though the platform and creed of their "Association for Realistic Philosophy" is appended to it. Their realism is fundamentally esoteric and it has no Master. Has any major philosophy ever emerged from a club? Further, the most subtle and eloquent philosophers have usually been gentle and readable writers. Perhaps the tough-minded American scholars need the human discipline of sliding down grassy slopes — with an exaltation of idealistic larks overhead.

GREEN GOLD AND GRANITE — by Wendy Hall—pp. 190—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.75.

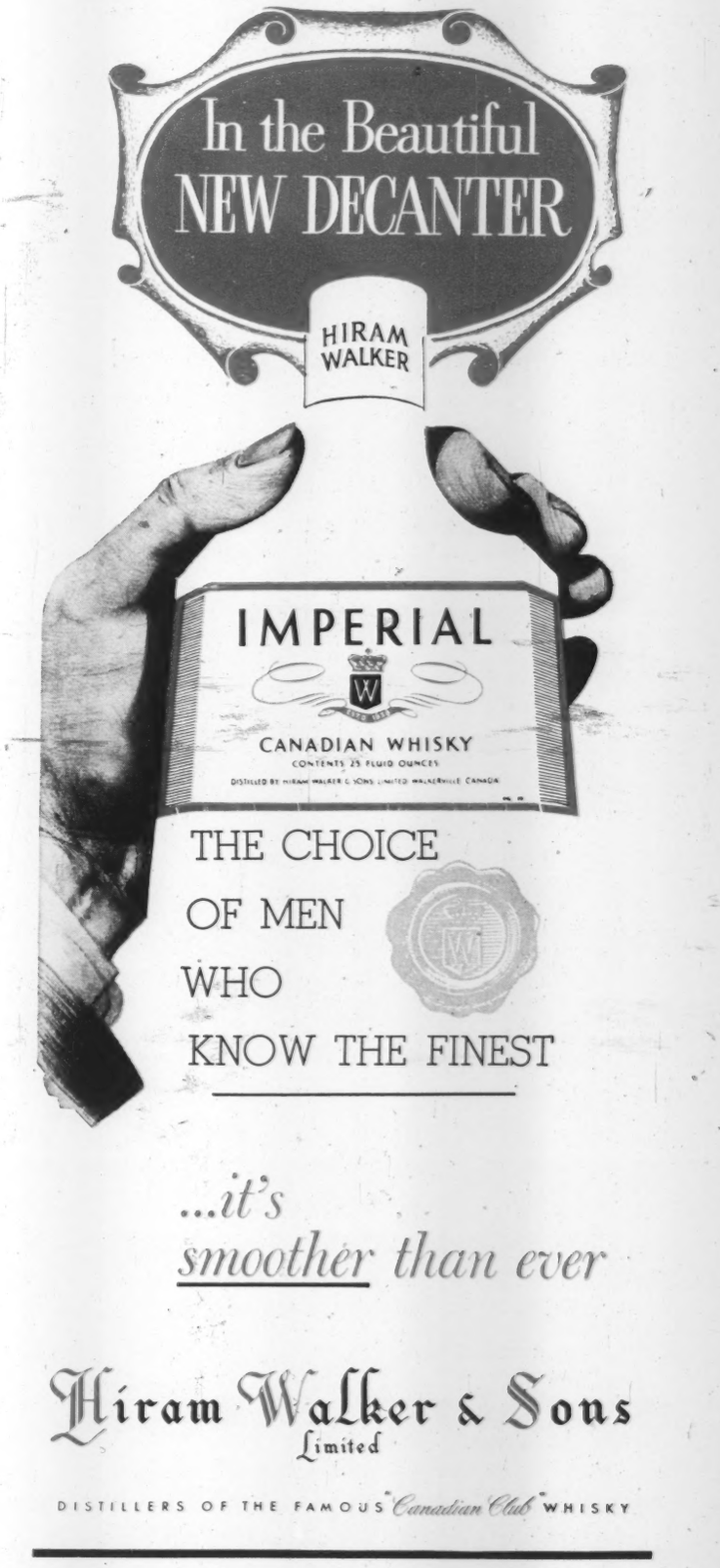
A lovable book about Finland and one which should appeal by its photographs and story to Canadians, particularly when they remember how honest and debt-paying Finland is. No country resembles eastern Canada physically and in northern temperament more than Finland. To go from Abo to Helsinki is like travelling from a small Lake Ontario port through Haliburton, but to a capital more impressive than Toronto. The British author does not catch the similarity but Canadian readers will. A good, affectionate account, historically, geographically and graphically.

TWO WORLDS FOR MEMORY — by Alfred Noyes—pp. 348—*Longmans, Green*—$6.00.

Lyric poets should die young; then their names do not become gentlemanly nor their opinions prissily prosaic. Alfred Noyes has lived beyond his three score years and ten on the fame of *The Highwayman* and a fortune begun on this and other early writings, and secured by his second marriage to a wealthy woman. However, Noyes has always been gentlemanly, as this chatty, often amusing and journalistically sharp but genteel autobiography indicates. His shudders of decency extend from a day before the First World War when, as a young literary critic, he returned a manuscript to a realistic, unknown Spanish author "in thick brown paper through which nothing could crawl," to the day in 1939 when he ordered his house-guest, Sir Hugh Walpole, out of his Roman mansion for sniggering conduct and praise of Joyce's "loathsome" *Ulysses*.

The two worlds of Noyes were this continent and Europe, not the Edwardian-Georgian era (which he inhabits) and the post-war world. He has some entertaining recollections of Ottawa and other Canadian places when he was entertained by Governor-General Lord Willingdon. Noyes's memory and anecdotes go back to Swinburne. His literary gallery is impressive. His religious sentiments (he is a convert to Roman Catholicism) impregnate many chapters.

T. J. A.



HOMEMAKER
'fabrics by HEES
Dynamic design is featured in Tei-Tei, a new Decorator pattern in Homemaker Fabrics by Hees.
Your choice of five striking color combinations, Tei-Tei is hand screen printed on fine linen—a worthy addition to any home decorating plan. Homemaker Fabrics are guaranteed by the name Hees—look for the tag when you shop.

Sold by Furniture and Department Stores everywhere.

Toronto • GEO. H. HEES SON & CO. LIMITED • Montreal

F21

The Switch You'll Show Off!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SILENT MERCURY SWITCH

Whether you're building a new home, or modernizing — insist on G-E Silent Mercury Switches. They'll be the first thing you'll show off in your home!

G-E Mercury Switches have no moving contact blades to wear; they continue to work smoothly and silently for years and years.

Ask your electrician about replacing worn old switches in your own home with silent, long-lasting G-E Mercury Switches. Write for descriptive folder 4483A.

Construction Materials Department

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED

418M-1453

The Passing Show

Toronto Revisited

SOME MORE THAN FORTY YEARS ago, when the Toronto street railway used leather coffee pots to collect tickets, there was a riot. Tickets for trolleys were polychromatic: six yellow tickets for a quarter, good twenty-four hours if you could find a trolley during eight of the twenty-four; eight purple tickets for a quarter, only usable in very early morning and late evening hours; and there were other colors, with various limitations on them.

The robust traction magnate who afterwards became Mayor Fleming decided to Americanize the system. He decreed that the pay-as-you-enter method be introduced, to collect fares from thrifty thieves who would lie brazenly to a conductor that they had already inserted a ticket into the slot of his receptacle.

(Where are the coffee-pots of yore? Doubtless buried beneath reclaimed terrain on the lake front.)

The people rose in rebellion. They would not pay as they entered a car, and cherished their right to duck a legitimate toll. They smashed car windows, overturned one or two of the vehicles and completely hobbled the service for one night. So thorough was this revolt that pay-as-you-enter was abandoned for the time being.

This illustrates the evolution or devolution of public character. Two wars have made the people more docile to regulation, even in democracies.

Toronto is a striding, but not a strident city. It just does not know its own importance. Its population is polylingual; it is crowded host to thousands of strangers, the discontented, adventurous and harassed who seek and find relief from the dead hand of Europe on this side of the Atlantic.

Nostalgically, Toronto was a better town to live in forty years ago. So was every town, of any size. Living was, of course, much cheaper. There had been no two world wars to pay for in taxes, to say nothing of blood.

A good room could be hired for two dollars a week — the standard night rate at sound hotels like the Palmer House, the Queen's and the Walker House; even the King Edward had some rooms at that rate. A good meal at most restaurants around town could be had for ten cents, meat included; à la carte at good places cost 25 cents, with a quarter of a large pie for dessert.

A tiny silver five-cent piece bought a tour around the Belt Line, bounding the square heart of the city of 300,000 people, up to Bloor Street. The show lover, desiring more satisfactory fare than that offered by a few nickelodeons (at a dime), had his choice of the Queen's and the Royal Alexandra for legitimate plays and musicals with big-name stars.

There was the melodramatic Opera House, owned by the vanishing Ambrose Small, the Majestic, called the Mad House from the constant cannonading in the Westerns within, and Shea's for big-time vaudeville. The tariff was from twenty-five cents to two dollars at the Queen's and Alexandra; the others less. Two burlesque barns flourished: the Star, rowdy and rotten; and the Gaiety, exhibiting better wheel shows like Bob Manchester's Crackerjacks. A lusty usher in the Star kept order in the gods with a padded war-club. Gaiety patrons were more cultured; they only ejected cigar-butts and quid juice on the floor.

An amusement park at Kew Beach entertained in summer, a cut above the raffish boardwalk cathedrals of clutter at Sunnyside. Saloons were few and well regulated, and liquor stores sold for fifty cents a pint of stuff of better grade than the fluid flame that reduces Ajaxes to invalids in five uneasy gurgles.

In winter, snow was banked shoulder-high on sidewalks and sleds jingled about the streets: and there were the joyous cries of Scots curling and cursing with gusto. In summer, baseball and lacrosse reigned. Automobiles were rare and their occupants noted but unenvied.

Vice was unobtrusively discreet. You could stroll down Jarvis Street in those dear days without having your hat knocked off by keys or lassoes tossed from upper windows. Women were verboten in bars and cigaretteless in public and youth revelled on ice-cream sundaes.

SIX DAILY papers saturated the town: *Globe, Mail and Empire,* and *The World,* in the morning; *Star, Telegram* and *News* in the evening. A *Canadian Courier* struggled to be a *Saturday Evening Post,* and I, as a kid, had some part in introducing *Collier's* to Canada; and SATURDAY NIGHT presented to the English-speaking world the work of Stephen Leacock.

Mary Pickford and Walter Huston had left Toronto for Broadway and Hollywood, to be followed by Florence Graham, known now as Elizabeth Arden. Woodbine track reaped its seasonal crops of bum guessers.

Toronto was a smaller city, yes; a nicer city, with bobbies in helmets and women in hobble-skirts. The awe of vast wealth to the South was not on it. But Toronto, like Los Angeles, outgrows grace to greatness. Adam Beck gave it brightness, its own people in three wars gave it glory; but for Toronto to remain a family town it must be remembered that no city is to be judged by the size of its telephone book.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

"White Horse" please!

such PERFECT FLAVOR and satisfying as only White Horse can be!

such SMOOTH SCOTCH with that special White Horse smoothness!

such FINE OLD WHISKY with White Horse quality known the world over!

THIS LABEL IS REGISTERED
The Old Blend Scotch Whisky
The White Horse Cellar
Estab. 1742
WHITE HORSE CELLAR
FROM THE Original Recipe 1746
ALL that are desirous to pass from EDINBURGH to LONDON
WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD.
Lagavulin Distillery, Island of Islay, and Glenlivet District
GLASGOW and LONDON
DISTILLED, BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Enjoy

WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland

Available in Various Bottle Sizes

TRY the world famous

MARTINI & ROSSI

VERMOUTH

and discover the DIFFERENCE

CHOSEN by connoisseurs for perfect cocktails. ENJOY Martini & Rossi Vermouth straight—well chilled, with a twist of lemon peel.

TRY a jigger of Martini & Rossi Vermouth, jigger of rye, add ice and Soda. Delightful!

Contents now increased

IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE

MARTINI & ROSSI • TORINO, ITALY

V-14

You needn't hunt very far...
to find the perfect cigar for every occasion. House of Lords cigars add enjoyment to work or recreation, and to relaxation afterwards. They give you unexcelled smoking pleasure because they are made from select Havana filler and the finest wrapper money can buy.
As a gift, you will always please the cigar smoker with HOUSE OF LORDS.
HOUSE OF LORDS
CIGARS
GOLD STRIPE • CORONA DE LUXE
PETIT CORONAS • LILIES • QUEENS • PANETELAS

Music

Mr. Tertis and the Viola

SOME YEARS ago Arthur Benjamin and William Primrose gave a recital at the University of British Columbia. In those days I was in the position of Peter Bell, of whom it is recorded that a primrose by the river's brim (or anywhere else) a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more. This particular Primrose turned out to be a red-headed one, who played the viola with prodigious dexterity and taste. Incidentally, he baffled the audience by apparently playing the entire program off a piece of paper about large enough to carry his name and address. This morsel he solemnly placed on a music stand in the centre stage. He then barely glanced at it until about halfway through the concert, when he gravely turned it over, while the piano had a few bars to itself. To this day, I have no idea what it was all about.

This was my introduction to the burning, masterful tone of a well-played viola. This should not be confused with the peevish baksheesh-begging whine of a puny, badly played instrument. To take its proper place in the violin family, the viola must be large and burly, so as to carry the weight of its powerful strings, tuned a full fifth below the violin. But this makes an instrument which is not easy to manage on the shoulder, unless you have a neck like a swan and a jaw like Dick Tracy to hold it in place. In fact, Lionel Tertis, in his autobiography *Cinderella No More*, quotes Primrose as saying, "The viola is difficult enough without having to indulge in a wrestling match with it."

Cinderella No More is well worth reading, if you have an interest in string-playing. The title refers to the viola itself, rather than to Mr. Tertis, who single-handed raised the viola from being the last refuge of disappointed violin players, to its proper position as a thoroughly respected solo instrument. Mr. Tertis retired in 1936, because of illness, though he recovered enough to be able to play a little during the war years. Younger people have never heard him, and even his recordings were made when equipment, though good, was not by any means high-fidelity. There is, however, a recording of Tertis playing his own transcription of the famous Bach *Chaconne* for unaccompanied violin. In this, it is still easy to hear the qualities that Vaughan Williams has described: "The golden tones, passionate utterances, and wonderful phrasing will always remain in the memory of those who had heard him, and even those who had not would live richer lives because Tertis had played, perhaps even before they were born."

But Mr. Tertis is a very humble man, and speaks often, with touching pride, of great artists such as Kreisler, Casals, Solomon, and Rubinstein being so generous as to perform with a man of lowly origins and small pretensions as himself. One of the charms of his scattered, rambling little book, is the sense that he is not really convinced that he was himself an artist of equal stature to those whom he admires. This is a very striking novelty among musicians, who rarely allow their careers to be jeopardized by self-abasement and excessive humility. With music critics, of course, it is far otherwise. We, who know everything, must often pretend ignorance so as not to incur the penalties of spiritual pride. I must admit that we often do it so well that our pretended ignorance becomes absolutely indistinguishable from the real thing.

Mr. Tertis's principal motive is love for the viola. He early regretted that so little music had been written for it; when he began his career there was only Berlioz's *Harold in Italy*, and Mozart's superb *Sinfonia Concertante* for violin and viola. The viola also appeared in chamber music, of course, but even there mainly as an instrument for filling-in the inner parts. Since then much music has been written for the viola, most of it for Tertis himself. At least one of these pieces is a masterpiece: William Walton's *Viola Concerto*. This work was written for Tertis, who turned it down, suggesting that Paul Hindemith should play it instead. But notice how Mr. Tertis describes the incident: "With shame and contrition I admit that when the composer offered me the first performance, I declined it. I was unwell at the time; but what is also true is that I had not learnt to appreciate Walton's style. The innovations in his language, which now seem so logical and so truly in the main stream of music, struck me as far-fetched. It took me time to realise what a tower of strength in the literature of the viola was this concerto, and how deep would be the gratitude we who play the viola should feel toward the composer: with gratitude, too, to Beecham for having suggested to Walton the composition of a viola concerto."

There speaks an honest, generous man, one whom it is a delight to honor in his old age.

At the end of the book, there is an interesting appendix on the Tertis viola. Drawings, dimensions, and material specifications are given for the construction of this instrument. As you would expect, Mr. Tertis asks for no royalty on his design; he merely asks that you follow the specifications, for then you will arrive at the finest instrument he has been able to devise.

Whether Mr. Tertis's design solves

the problem is something I cannot judge. But the views of eminent players and instrument makers who have taken it up may perhaps be worth considering. What I can certainly say is that Mr. Tertis is quite right to call his book *Cinderella No More*. The viola is accepted as a solo instrument, which is something, but not everything. More important, it is regarded as a proper and useful partner in ensemble playing, not just a necessary nuisance. Many works have been written for the viola; many more transcribed for it (some by Mr. Tertis). The Bach *Chaconne* certainly sounds a great deal better on the viola than ever it did on the violin; and I should very much like to hear some of Bach's unaccompanied violin sonatas played all through on the viola. There exists an admirable set of recordings of the Bach sonatas for keyboard and viola da gamba, arranged for piano and viola. Since these have also been recorded on the viola da gamba itself, and on the cello, we can make the direct comparison: to my ear, the viola has it over all the others. If only the piano had been a harpsichord!

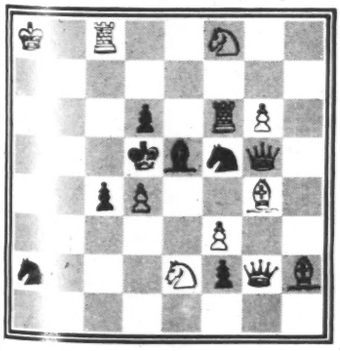
LISTER SINCLAIR

Chess Problem

IT IS GENERALLY AGREED that the Mediaeval European composers never produced a problemist to rival the Arabians, with the single exception of the unknown individual responsible for the outstanding four positions in the Florentine Bonus Socius MS. It might be reasoned that this "big four" was the successful product of a period of transition, in which the trend changed composition from the style of the mating Mansubat, with its powerful black force meaning few subtleties and White driven to an unbroken series of checks. The betting factor would have been the driving force in the change, and had both good and bad effects. On the bright side it resulted in shorter solutions for quick bets.

Problem No. 34, by L. Karlsson.

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.

White to play, mate in two.

Supporting the above is the agreement that the early Europeans were faced with the difficulty of keeping the chessmen under control, or, in other words, getting sound solutions and scope for the dubious tricks of betting indulgencies. In the Middle Ages the mania for gambling was universal, and small wonder that it seized on the vagaries of the chessboard, to become the dominant interest in problem composition.

As the most rational step towards soundness, instead of presenting their problems as "Wins," these Europeans stipulated instead a specific "Mate in X moves exactly." The meaning of the word "exactly" must be clearly understood. A solution having a single variation with an enforced short mate, would be as inadmissable as one in which Black could unduly frustrate it. Such problems, if desired, could be salvaged under the terms "Mate in X moves or less." There would be no scruples about this, seeing that also interjected were such conditions as mating the King on a certain square; men were "fidated" or made capture proof; the maximum moves of certain pieces were specified; pieces could not move unless attacked. Even permitting one side to operate several moves in succession got a showing. Stirred into the hodge-podge was the rising interest in the self-mate.

Solution of Problem No. 33.

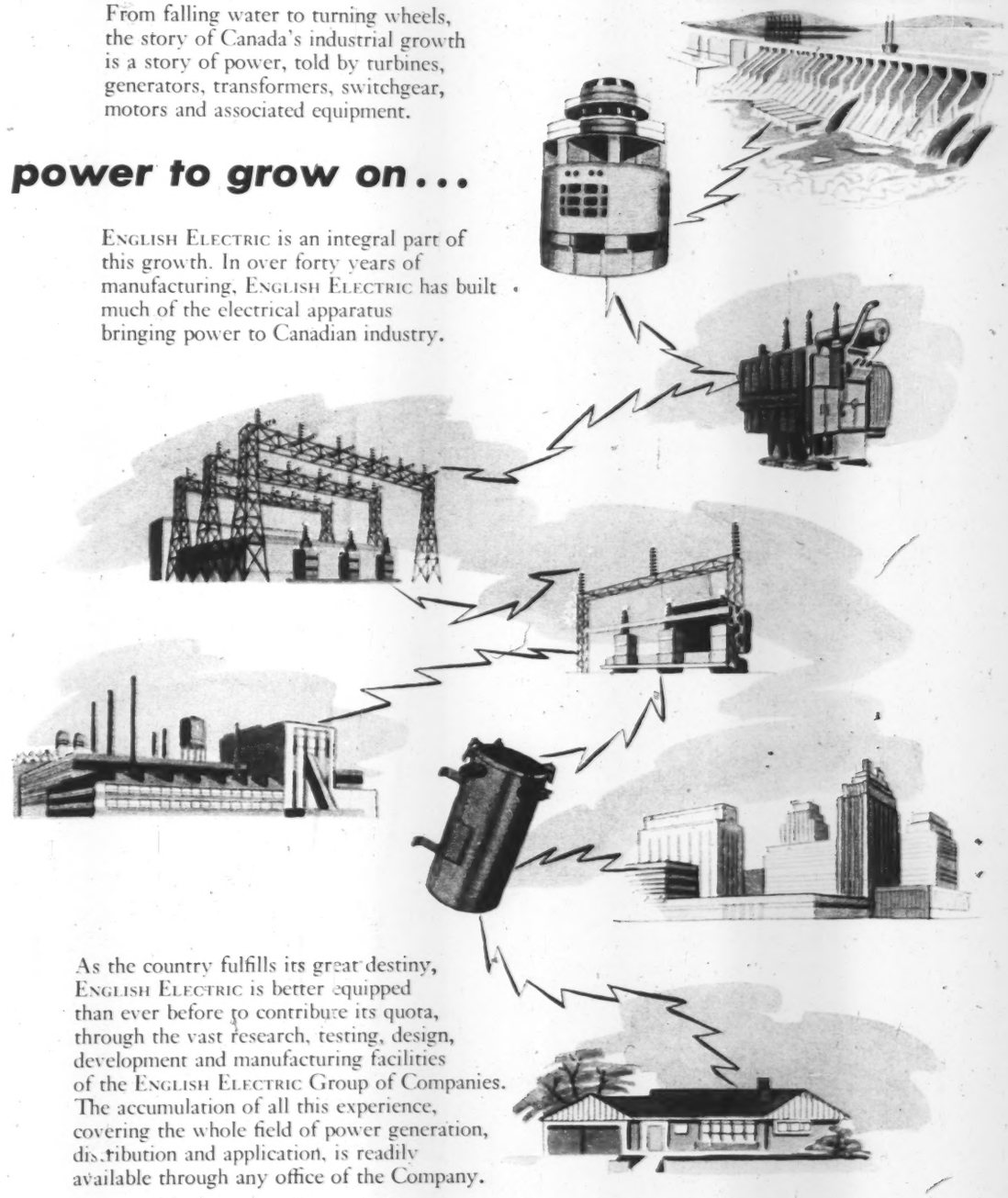
Key-move 1.Kt-K6, waiting. If B-K4; 2.Kt-Kt5 mate. If B-K6; 2.Q-Q5 mate. If BxRch; 2.KtxB mate. If B-Kt8; 2.R-B4 mate. If B-R8; 2.Q-K2 mate. If B-Q6; 2.Q-B4 mate.

"CENTAUR."

From falling water to turning wheels, the story of Canada's industrial growth is a story of power, told by turbines, generators, transformers, switchgear, motors and associated equipment.

power to grow on...

ENGLISH ELECTRIC is an integral part of this growth. In over forty years of manufacturing, ENGLISH ELECTRIC has built much of the electrical apparatus bringing power to Canadian industry.



As the country fulfills its great destiny, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is better equipped than ever before to contribute its quota, through the vast research, testing, design, development and manufacturing facilities of the ENGLISH ELECTRIC Group of Companies. The accumulation of all this experience, covering the whole field of power generation, distribution and application, is readily available through any office of the Company.

English Electric Company of Canada Limited: Head Office and Factory: St. Catharines, Ontario
Offices in Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver

Associated in the English Electric Group with John Inglis Co. Limited, Toronto, Ontario

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

3322

3 great Buicks

And their beauty is just the beginning

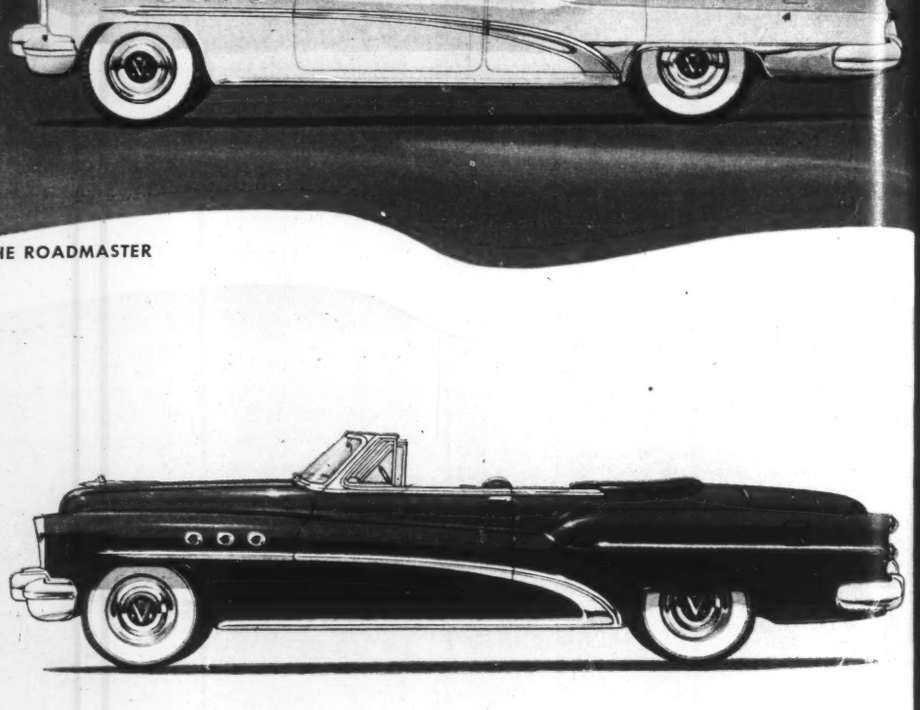
There's a big story in the price of each of these beauties—but an even bigger one in what you get for that price! You get the highest horsepower ever engineered into the Custom series from the newly designed, extra-thrifty F263 Fireball 8 engine. You get real big-car comfort and roominess, too, plus the steady going and sweet handling of the Million Dollar Ride. All this—and much more—is yours for only a few dollars more than the cost of many cars in the "low-price" field!

The Buick Super, too, is unmatched for value—on whatever basis you measure the worth of a motor car. Its power is outstanding, thanks to the sensational performance of Buick's great new V-8 Fireball engine. Its ride is outstanding, too—level and steady and lullaby-soft. In all respects, in fact, *everything* is outstanding in this handsome Buick, which brings you quality that far oversteps the usual confines of the medium-price field.

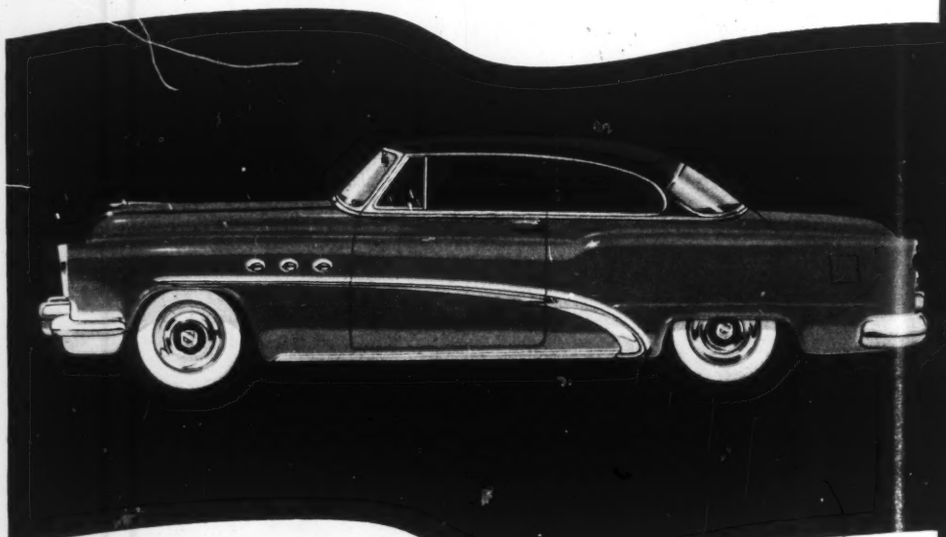
And, of course, the lordly Roadmaster is an engineering achievement in the truest sense—capped with a brilliant new 188 h.p. V-8 Fireball engine. Sensational Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive, optional on the other Buick series, is standard on Roadmaster. Buick Power Steering is optional at extra cost on all series. Power Brakes, which cut the need for pedal pressure by as much as 50%, are an extra-cost option on Roadmasters and Supers. Why not visit your Buick dealer—today—and inspect the most spectacular Buicks ever built?

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

THE ROADMASTER



THE SUPER



THE CUSTOM

A General Motors Value

The greatest BUICKS in 50 great years

Persona Grata

The Longest Case in the World

IN THE DOUR, mid-Victorian Court House of Vancouver, BC, the clerk stands before the Judge and intones, "Mrs. Minnie Mead May versus Gibson Mine Company and Others."

The Judge settles back in his chair. Lawyers rustle a mountainous pile of notes. From the legal benches there rises a little old lady of 63 with flashing eyes.

"Mah Lord," she says in her Southern accent, "you will remember that on the last occasion Ah came here, Ah was able to show . . ."

The Judge does not remember. Nobody remembers except Mrs. Minnie Mead May. For this is the thirty-sixth year in which she has been standing in the Courts of British Columbia and Ottawa, and before the Privy Council in London, to try and obtain her "rights".

It is thus the longest privately-contested legal action in history. Lawyers' firms have retired from the case, baffled by its complexities. Judges have died. Experts have gone into retirement. Witnesses have vanished. But Mrs. May keeps on, always with the hope that a new amendment, a new piece of "evidence", will reopen her case and prove her right.

Mrs. May is a large shareholder in the Gibson Mining Company, and a creditor for nearly $100,000. She is seeking to have the mine vested in her as liquidator, or, alternatively to have the mine sold by the Sheriff of Nelson, BC, to satisfy outstanding judgments. She is opposed by representatives of the Daybreak Mining Company of Trail, which acquired the Gibson Mine.

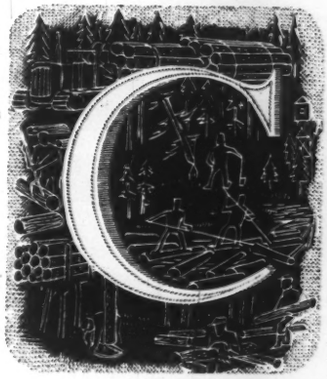
One of Mrs. May's points is that she was once offered $2 million for the mine, which produced silver, lead and zinc. Her case has been eight times before the Supreme Court of Canada, and three times before the Privy Council.

MRS. MAY is a woman dedicated to the legal battle. She lives in a hotel within walking distance of the Court House, the latest in a succession of similar hotels. She moves her residence not for the amenities, but because she becomes almost entombed by the mass of files and legal documents which she studies day and night. Her little sitting room is piled high with packages of notes. Her bedroom is lined with the evidence of her marathon struggle. In the basement of her hotel, and in the basements of others she has patronized, there are trunks and suitcases and cartons of paper marked "The Gibson Mine".

Mrs. May has no legal training, but a study of her in court shows that she has a natural gift for argument and the untangling of the Law. Judges are patient, knowing her well and secretly admiring her indomitable spirit. There are now few Judges on the Vancouver Bench who are unfamiliar with at least some portion of her battle, and all are terrifyingly familiar with her methods. For the trouble is, Minnie Mead May may be right. At one time, she probably did own the mine, and somewhere along the line she might have got two million dollars. But now, thirty-six years after she first stood up in court with the bone of contention between her teeth, she finds judges and lawyers baffled by the complexities of the unique case.

The attitude of the Judges is therefore kindly but resigned. "We have shown great consideration towards you," one of them told her. "If you were a lawyer, you could be criticized for abusing the court's process."

Mrs. May has one foible which prolongs every hearing and wears down every legal brain. In their efforts to convince the litigant that many portions of the case have already received their consideration, judges are in the habit of leaning forward in a confidential manner and saying, "Mrs. May, let us suppose for the sake of argument that you are right . . ." They then continue with a hypothetical



Canada's pacemaker

Every day in the year, pulp and paper creates $3 million of new wealth for Canada. In value of production, in exports, in employment, in wages paid, and in investment, it leads all industry. Its purchases of goods and services are unparalleled in Canadian industrial life. Pulp and paper continues to pace Canada's expanding economy.

PULP & PAPER INDUSTRY *of* CANADA

130 MILLS, SMALL AND LARGE, FROM COAST TO COAST

24-a

case, hopeful that it will put a fresh aspect on the facts.

Their efforts are not only doomed to failure, but often serve to provide difficulties for their successors, for ten years hence, Mrs. May may recall the incident and bring up the hypothetical case as if it were true. Then lawyers, clerks and His Lordship must delve into the ancient tomes of evidence to set the record straight. Mrs. May then continues, "Ah must insist that the Judge said just those words . . ."

Mrs. May has spent her whole personal fortune on the Case, and every minute of her waking hours. "Ah've got six people's work to do," she says happily. "Ah haven't time for any amusement." She is in the habit of tackling anybody who will listen to the latest developments—guests in the hotel, reporters, and lawyers. Nothing that happens in the world is of comparable interest to her. It is even alarming to conjecture what would happen if, one day, a Judge turned to her with the solution, "The Appellant's case is proved."

Mrs. May's actions seem even more remarkable because she led a sheltered early life, far from any thought of being involved in the dusty arenas of the Law. Her youth in Virginia was that of a Southern belle. "I was brought up to be seen and not heard," she says. "I never dreamed I'd spend so many years of my life on my feet, and with my tongue wagging."

Mrs. May believes in astrology and reincarnation, and could probably, at a pinch, take up fortune-telling professionally if she regarded the art in a less scientific way. But she admits she never foresaw a quarter century in hotels when, as a young girl, she had the run of a vast farm in the South. She claims that at the age of five her husband's name was revealed to her. She married, when she was sixteen, a David Kind May, and went to California. Today, she and her husband hardly see each other, for Mr. May manages their property in Montana, and Mrs. May is wedded to "The Case". Deeply religious, she says that she never feels lonely, and her compensation is probably the confidence she retains in eventual victory over the rebuffs of the courts.

On a recent sunny morning in Vancouver, the old lady with a mission in life left her encumbered room in the hotel, carrying an armful of files and her own personal notes, and walked confidently across to the Court House. A little over five feet tall, quietly dressed in black, she was entering the lists again. She appears to feel she is a champion of public rights as well as her own, for she said, "You can tell the public the fight isn't over. I'll always go on, for I know the people are behind me . . ."

She walked sturdily into the familiar Appeal Court, armed now with a plea for the opening of the case on the basis of "new evidence". She was ready to face the patient reiterations of Justice that the case had been heard before, that everything that Mrs. May said had been threshed out through the years. The opposing lawyers assembled. The Court stood while the Judge took his seat and nodded to the familiar litigant.

"Mrs. Minnie Mead May versus Gibson Mine Company . . ." the Clerk intoned. The words had first been heard, spoken by an older Clerk, in 1917. The Kaiser's War was on. Vancouver was a quarter the size, and a predecessor of the Judge bent his head over the first of a mountain of documents.

The perennial plaintiff rose to her full five feet and addressed the Court. She would fight to the end.

ROLAND WILD

•

Deep Bay, Haliburton

From this high battlement of pristine rock,
Deep Bay, a scarf of water shot with dawn,
spreads eastward for a mile . . . and far away
a sleeping monster blanketed in mist
emerges as an Island. Passively
the hills take on reality and roll
in easy undulations to the sky.
Now, in a burst of brightness, slanting light
sharpens the splendor of this wild terrain.

This is the moment of unspoken pride,
the moment when, with simple gratitude
needing no patriotic rhetoric,
the quiet mind acknowledges its own.
This is my country. This, the land I love.

HELEN BALL

Pay lowest air fares. Save BOTH time and money as you speed by TCA on a swift and pleasant trip to Europe during uncrowded, off-season months.

It's thrift season in Europe, too. Rates are much lower for most hotels, tours and sight-seeing trips.

Fly TCA from Montreal — daily flights. Enjoy the dependability — the roomy comfort of a "North Star" Skyliner — the personal attention that distinguishes TCA service all year 'round. Regular flights to London, Glasgow, Shannon, Paris, Dusseldorf — with connections to all Europe.

TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

ASK ABOUT ALL-EXPENSE **AIR-TOURS to EUROPE**

FLYING OVER 18000 MILES OF WORLD AIR ROUTES

An occasion for celebrating!

Anniversary Ale was brewed especially for occasions like this. The *lightest* and *smoothest* of all ales, it leaves no regrets. Yet Anniversary contains all the traditional Labatt's* body and character. Luckily there's no need to wait until you make a parachute jump to celebrate with Anniversary Ale. The combination of a thirst and a bottle, or better still a case, of *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale is an occasion in itself. John Labatt Limited.

**The swing is definitely to*

LABATT'S

Certificate No. C-1426

has been issued authorizing The Reinsurance Corporation Limited of London, England, to transact in Canada the business of Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

Mr. V. R. WILLEMSEN has been appointed Chief Agent.

Sports

Where Are the Tigers?

EXCEPT WITH THE EXCEPTION of one, Rocky Marciano, today's heavyweight pugilists are so inept that they are scarcely worthy of the attention of a serious observer of the profession which the late W. O. McGeehan was fond of referring to as "The Manly Art of Modified Murder." When he belted out Roland LaStarza a couple of weeks ago, Marciano merely was destroying a nice clean-cut fellow who bore malice to no man.

Indeed, as far as the pugilistic trade is concerned, we are back in the days when Gene Tunney retired, undefeated, and left his heavyweight title to such assassins as Jack Sharkey, Young Stribling, Primo Carnera, Max Baer and Johnny Risko, the Cleveland India-Rubber Man.

The promoters of the bout between Marciano and LaStarza were singularly astute in refusing to have the proceedings generally televised. Despite the most earnest efforts of the paid publicists, the alleged fight was such an obvious mis-match that, if it had been televised, there wouldn't have been more than a couple of thousand paid spectators in the premises. Any sports spectator in his right mind knew that LaStarza could do no more than give Marciano an honest but ineffectual tussle and, accordingly, the same spectator would have remained at home and watched the destruction of Childe Roland in the comfort of his own sitting-room.

The fact that 44,000 customers were in attendance attests only to the fact that television will accomplish the ruin of the box-fight industry unless another Joe Louis or Jack Dempsey comes swaggering out of the tall timber.

Your agent has seen LaStarza in action only once—and, please Zeus, may we be spared from witnessing such a spectacle again. Admittedly, the bout which we watched took place more than four years ago, in New York's Madison Square Garden. But it would be impossible to envision the LaStarza of 1949 as a championship contender even if he had improved 1,000 per cent in the interim. On the evening in question, he was featured in the main bout, with a large, beetle-browed citizen known as Big Bill Weinberg. So help me, Charlie, even then they were billed as "outstanding contenders for the heavyweight title."

In justice to LaStarza, it must be said that he tried *that* night. Unfortunately, he received little or no co-operation from Big Bill Weinberg, who obviously had just graduated from a course at the Arthur Murray School of Dancing. Whenever LaStarza pawed a punch at him, Big Bill grasped his opponent around the waist and waltzed the smaller LaStarza around the ring, clinging to him as affectionately as if he had been Lana Turner.

THE WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE HAT

Biltmore

WITH GUARANTEED CARTER CUSHIONED LEATHER

• • • • •

Canada's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Fur Felts

Our Eyes are Trained

FOR ACCIDENT PREVENTION

To the trained eyes of our inspection staff, almost unnoticeable defects in power plant equipment may mean that accidents will happen. With these well-trained specialists conducting periodical inspection of equipment covered by this Company's policies, the risk of power plant failure is greatly lessened. And the advice of these men often adds years of usable life to expensive installations.

Be fully insured—ask your broker or agent for details.

EXPERIENCE
SERVICE
STABILITY

The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada

806 The Bank of Nova Scotia Bldg., Montreal — 737 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

4-3

Purchasers and Distributors of Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities

Enquiries Invited

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA CALGARY
LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER OWEN SOUND
ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.

Peace of Mind . . .

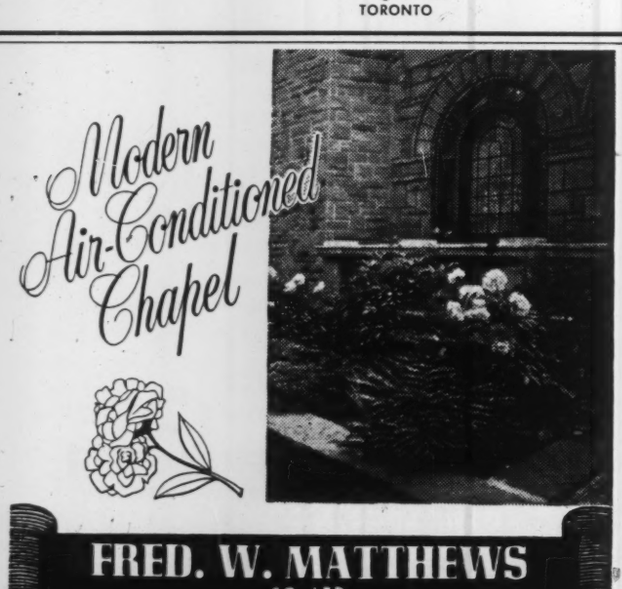
You have no worries when you leave your securities under our custodianship.

- Interest and Dividends collected.
- Prompt realization of your securities on due date.
- Stocks and Bonds held in our all-steel, protected vaults.

CHARTERED TRUST COMPANY

CHARTERED TRUST
COMPANY

20 St. Clair Ave. West, TORONTO
388 St. James St. West, MONTREAL
34 King St. West, TORONTO



FRED. W. MATTHEWS
CO. LTD.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
665-9 SPADINA AVE. (NEAR BLOOR ST.)
KINGSDALE 2101-2102

Looking quite embarrassed, LaStarza would withdraw from the embrace and strike a pose which was calculated to throw fear into the heart of a foe. Undeterred, Weinberg would break into a Samba and the bemused LaStarza would oblige him by acting as a dancing partner.

At the conclusion of eight rounds, they had exhausted Arthur Murray's rather extensive repertoire and, additionally, they had exhausted the customers, who had been walking out in groups since the fourth round. We never bothered to get the decision, because we were busy writing the story about an earlier bout in which Vince Foster had scored a sensational knockout over Tough Tony Pellone.

Now, *there* was a bout for you. Foster was a fugitive from Alcoholics Anonymous who was on parole to Jack Hurley, who had managed Billy Petrolle, the old Fargo Express. (Actually, we had been sent to Madison Square Garden to report on the activities of Canada's Arthur King, who was embarking upon his American campaign and who, in the first bout of the evening, annihilated some bum who had been dragged out of an Automat.)

Foster would have been a "natural" in the great tradition of Dempsey and Firpo and Joe Louis. He had the heart of a fighter even if his subsequent behavior proved that he was hopelessly psychotic.

In the early rounds of his fight with Pellone he was flattened and he was flattened again. He accepted the punches wonderingly and looked to the sad-faced Hurley in his corner. Somehow, he avoided decapitation and wandered back to his mentor at the end of each three minutes of mayhem. Hurley spoke to him softly, rubbed his chest, rubbed his back and gave him a whiff of smelling salts.

It was in one of the later rounds that Foster realized that Pellone wasn't the only man who could throw a punch in that ring.

We'll remember that round for many years to come. Foster was on his knees, taking a count when he looked towards Hurley and Hurley waved his hands, saying "Come on, come on." Foster rose to his feet very slowly, weaved away from Pellone's wild left and hit Pellone flush on the chin.

Have you ever seen a man go down as if he had been shot through both knees? Well, Pellone spilled on his face, spat out his mouthpiece and clawed the canvas agonizingly. He struggled erect, long before he should have, looking like a duck who had been given a mickey finn. He grinned feebly at Foster and Foster smashed his face to a pulp. Pellone got up and tried to grin again. Foster coldly levelled him with a punch that would have stopped a charging bison.

If ever your correspondent saw a world-champion in the making, he saw one that night—but he saw Vince Foster, not Roland LaStarza.

Foster's story proved to be one of those familiar tragedies of the pugilistic profession. This product of the gin-mills and the reform schools never was built to withstand the comforts of prosperity. Within two years from the night we watched him slaughter Pellone, he was dead—victim of a drunken automobile accident.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, for Marciano's ultimate fistic reputation, that he has come along in an era when his heavyweight opponents aren't worth a pinch of coon-snuff. Marciano is only an overgrown light-heavyweight, but he can hit as viciously and effectively as any man since Louis and Dempsey.

After all, Dempsey's reputation was based on his slaughter of the freakish Jess Willard and his savage brawl with Luis Firpo. He never won any plaudits when he flattened Bill Brennan and Billy Miske or when he won a desultory decision over Tommy Gibbons. Strangely enough, he won his greatest popularity in defeat, when he lost to Gene Tunney in the rain at Philadelphia, and when he lost the famed long-count fight at Chicago.

It is likely that Dempsey began to be an international legend when, after that first defeat in Philadelphia, he telephoned his wife long-distance and, with the trace of a wry chuckle, explained: "Ginsberg—I forgot to duck."

As for Louis—at least he kayoed four world heavyweight champions or ex-champions in the persons of Jimmy Braddock, Primo Carnera, Max Baer and Schmeling. He continued to knock out his opponents until—as is the fate of all champions—he became old and fat and no longer hungry.

The fact that, in their extremity, the men who control professional boxing were forced to drag up LaStarza as an opponent for Marciano, is an illuminating commentary on the present-day state of the profession. The television watchers of the United States and Canada can be thankful that they were spared the spectacle.

The paid drum-beaters for the fight wrote stories in which they paid credit to LaStarza's great speed afoot, his superior boxing ability, his indubitable courage and his ability to absorb a series of devastating punches.

Even after perusing all the published stories of the fight, we have the unhappy feeling that the Roland LaStarza of September, 1953, was much the same Roland LaStarza whom we watched waltzing with Big Bill Weinberg in 1949.

We feel, too, that as a professional promoter, the late P. T. Barnum wouldn't have cared for television. Mr. Barnum's sardonic motto was "You can fool some of the people all of the time—and you can fool all the people some of the time."

Television has supplied the remainder of the phrase: "You can't fool all the people all the time."

JIM COLEMAN

•

Two enterprising firms, however, were cashing in on the Achilles Heels of Ex crowds, and reaping in the good-will. One aspirin firm was offering to cure headaches free, and a foot-message machine manufacturer provided chairs and demonstration models for the archweary.—*Toronto Globe and Mail.*

Never mind the commercials—let's have the message.

Business

New Freedom in Canada For British Money

By HAROLD WINCOTT

LONDON—The reader of the parable of the talents is left to conjecture what the reaction of the master would have been had the venturesome servant lost his employer's money instead of increasing it tenfold; the point is sufficiently made that talents are intended to be used and not to remain dormant. The recent decision of our Mr. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to agree with your Mr. Abbott on the conditions under which the 1942 Canadian loan to Britain shall be repaid, suggests that Mr. Butler is familiar with the parable.

The decision to fund the loan has been warmly welcomed on this side. At the same time, it has to be recognized that the initial repayment of $39 million and the five subsequent annual payments of $30 million must at best slow down the already slow recovery in our gold and dollar reserves, on the adequacy of which so much, including convertibility of sterling, depends.

It is, however, necessary to look deeper than the new agreement's obvious effects on our gold and dollar reserves. As a *quid pro quo* for our decision to fund the 1942 loan, Canada has agreed to allow U.K. residents the same freedom to switch their Canadian investments as they have long enjoyed where their U.S. holdings are concerned.

Hitherto, the choice of action for the U.K. investor in Canadian securities has been very restricted. With one exception, which will be mentioned later, he could just buy and sell the old-established Canadian securities in which there had always been a market in London, for it was a condition of the 1942 loan that all proceeds of U.K.-held Canadian securities sold or redeemed in Canada must be used to reduce the amount of the loan.

The exception involved the use of what has become known as the D-mark route—surely the most grotesque manifestation of the currency disorders of the post-war world. A U.K. resident bought German D-marks in London, sold them in Switzerland, bought U.S. dollars there, purchased Canadian dollars in New York, and then bought Canadian securities on a Canadian Stock Exchange. It sounds a dubious procedure but was in fact fully legal and respectable. So much so that when Aluminum of Canada made its rights issue a few months back, our Treasury, while regretting it could not provide U.K. shareholders with the dollars with which to take up their new shares, went out of its way to draw attention to the possible use of D-marks.

There was a snag, however, in using the D-mark route. You had to pay a premium to secure the D-marks, and if you bought a Canadian share in which no market existed in London (and generally speaking it was for the purchase of that type of share one used the D-mark route) then, if you wanted to sell, you had to sell in Canada and forfeit the premium you had paid for your D-marks.

The result of all this was that the U.K. investment in Canadian securities tended to be concentrated on a diminishing supply of "old" investments. The position can best be explained by contrasting it with that which obtained where U.S. securities were concerned. With U.S. securities, the U.K. investor was as free as the air (provided, of course, that the securities themselves remained with an authorized depositary). If he mistrusted the outlook for equities, he could switch into short-dated U.S. Treasury bonds until such time as he considered it right to buy Common stocks again, whereupon he could switch back. If he was in railroads, and wanted to buy utilities, he could do so. If he wanted to chance his arm in some new, speculative venture, then he could sell his blue-chips and do so.

In Canadians he had no such freedom. There was one concession, granted by your Government in 1947, under which, when U.K. residents sold (or had redeemed) a Canadian investment, the proceeds need not be used to reduce the 1942 loan but could be used to finance "direct" investment (in factories, plant, etc.) in Canada. But this concession was of little or no use to "portfolio" investors—our investment trusts, insurance companies and ordinary investors—and had the effect of postponing almost indefinitely the resumption of switching.

Exactly what the lack of freedom to switch has cost the U.K. economy it is impossible to say. U.K. residents made quite a lot of money out of the boom in Canadian securities merely through holding old and tried favorites. It seems fairly certain, however, that they would have made a great deal more had they been free to switch, to back some of your newer ventures where the greatest growth has been seen. For traditionally we can claim, without being unduly immodest, to be reasonably expert at investing in Canada. The ties, sentimental and business, between our two countries have remained very close despite all the recent discouragements. Some of our institutions and individual investors *are* pretty good at assessing an investment situation—whether the issue at stake is a sale or a buy; and it will be appreciated, of course, that under the old regime there could be a reluctance to sell, if selling meant saying good-bye to dollars.

WE MAY seem to have got a long way from the parable of the talents. In fact we haven't. The net effect of the new arrangement will be to increase the strain on our official gold and dollar holdings in two ways. The first I have already mentioned—the actual repayments of the 1942 loan. The second arises from the fact that in the past we've financed new direct investment in Canada from a reduction in our portfolio investment. Now, we shall want to maintain and increase both sorts of investment. This can only be done by charging new investment against our official reserves—and the cost has been estimated at $100 million a year, plus the repayments on the 1942 loan. (Actually, our rate of investment in Canada in the early months of 1953 was running at an annual rate of $200 million but that pace was too hot to hold.)

Thus we may well see, as a result of the new dispensation, a redisposition of our overseas assets, so far as Canada is concerned, away from official holdings of gold and dollars towards privately-owned interest and dividend bearing investments. Our talents, in short, will not to the same extent be kept sterile in a napkin. They will be put to work and, we hope, increase tenfold. On this side of the Atlantic we look for no spectacular or early pay-off from the new arrangement; there are too many uncertainties in dollar investment at the moment for that. But we see the new set-up as part of the experiment in freedom which our present government is conducting.

Already, we've dispensed with the notion that only the government can save—through a budget surplus—and there's been quite a revival of private savings of one sort or another since 1951. Now the government is in effect saying: "Individuals can be trusted to use their expert knowledge and invest the nation's resources better than we gentlemen in Whitehall can." It's quite a change from groundnuts!

NFB

WASHING DOWN rock-fill at Aluminum of Canada's Kenney Dam in British Columbia . . . "the Treasury showed the way to invest".

Ashley & Crippen

The above photograph of JAMES S. DUNCAN, Chairman and President of Massey Harris Co. Ltd. was one of the three prints which won the Gilbert Memorial Trophy at the 1953 Convention of the Ontario Society of Photographers. The portrait was taken by Mr. Gerald Campbell of ASHLEY & CRIPPEN studio, Toronto.

ASHLEY & CRIPPEN STUDIO

Photographers—Motion Picture Producers

196 Bloor West Toronto 5

Kingsdale 6113

©Karsh

SAMUEL BRONFMAN: The House of Seagram.

Who's Who in Business

KGN DURING THE PAST five months people in 16 other countries have been getting their first glimpse of Canada through pictures painted by this country's most distinguished artists. The idea for this expensive piece of sponsored goodwill, undertaken at a time when world interest in Canada was never higher, came from an astute Winnipeg-born businessman, Samuel Bronfman, President of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Limited.

Besides being one of Canada's most active companies (its 1952 sales topped $741 million) the House of Seagram is one of the bulwarks of the country's export trade. Ninety per cent of sales are made abroad and many a man of distinction acquires his first taste for Canada as a result.

Samuel Bronfman is a soft-spoken, relaxed man, with a dry wit and a casually comfortable manner that inspires confidence. In appearance he is small, with blue eyes and brown hair that is both greying and thinning. At 62, he knows he has come a long way and yet plans to go further.

Forty odd years ago while in his teens he helped his father and brother operate a hotel, bought one himself—the Bell Hotel in Winnipeg—to celebrate his 21st birthday, and entered the liquor business through a quirk in the Canadian Liquor Control laws which allowed the sale of bottled whisky interprovincially by mail order.

In 1922, by which time he had added the presidency of a mattress-making company to his other responsibilities, the provincial government decided to get into the profitable business of liquor distribution and Samuel Bronfman knew it was time to widen his interests.

He built a distillery at Ville LaSalle near Montreal. It is now the largest in Canada. In the years that followed that purchase, a complicated series of business manoeuvres turned the Distillers Corporation into Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Ltd., which gave the new company possession of American and British distilleries, with the Bronfman family in control, holding 53 per cent of its shares.

The far-sighted "Mr. Sam"—as he is known to those employees who work behind the dignified façade of the company's turreted headquarters at 1430 Peel Street, Montreal—took it from there. He gambled (correctly) on the public's growing taste for "blended" rather than straight whiskies, and prepared his stocks accordingly. He commissioned Stephen Leacock to write a history of Canada, and the book was acclaimed by teachers the world over. It was during this period also that the phrase "Men of Distinction" was created for the subsidiary firm, Calvert's.

Such tactics have kept Distillers-Seagrams ahead of competitors for so long that these days Mr. Sam's life has developed into something of a regular pattern. His ten-hour working day begins as he is driven to the office by his son, Charles, and from then until seven at night he plays host to a constant stream of callers. Much of their business *could* be conducted by letter or phone if Seagram's president was not averse to using such impersonal means of communication.

At least one day each week is spent in New York, where both his daughters, Minda and Phyllis live. His two sons, Edgar and Charles, work for the company in Montreal.

Seagram's President donates an impressive amount of both time and money to philanthropic work and public service.

Away from work he likes to relax with a drink (Seagram's V.O.) and a family game of gin rummy in his beautiful home, furnished with antiques, overlooking the St. Lawrence River. He is fond of poetry, and has something in common with his favorite poet, Shelley, who once wrote:

"I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good."

JOHN WILCOCK

FULLY COVERED?

You risk loss unless you're fully covered by fire and casualty insurance. See that you have complete protection . . . use the modern, efficient services of the TWO Canadian Companies.

The CANADIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
The CANADIAN INDEMNITY CO.
HEAD OFFICE: WINNIPEG

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK Ltd.

BURNS & CO. LIMITED

Dividend Notice

The fourth quarterly dividend of 50c a share on Class "A" and "B" shares of Burns & Co. Limited will be paid on October 29th, 1953, to all shareholders of record as of October 8th, 1953.

National Trust Company Limited is the Transfer Agent with offices at Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver.

BURNS & CO. LIMITED,
R. J. Dinning,
President.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 267

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1953 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1953. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager.
Toronto, 4th September 1953.

Bonds

Speculate While Investing

NOT ALL speculation is carried out in common stocks and commodities. Some shrewd traders operate only in corporate bonds and debentures.

In our last article we pointed out that, in general, one who bought a bond was an investor and one who purchased a stock was a speculator. Now we are going to turn the investor into a speculator and the speculator into an investor.

Those who buy common stocks no doubt know how margin accounts function. For those who buy for cash only, here is how it works.

A stock within certain price limitations may be purchased by depositing with a broker either 50 per cent of the purchase price in cash or an acceptable security worth the same percentage value. If cash is deposited, this amount is applied against the purchase price and the balance is taken in the form of a loan. Interest is charged on this loan. If a security is deposited as collateral, then interest is paid on the full amount of the purchase price. The rate of interest charged the client is 5¼ per cent per year.

When purchasing bonds on margin, we find that, because a bond or a debenture is better collateral than a stock, less margin is required to secure the loan. In the corporate field, most bonds and debentures require only a 10 per cent margin. There are some limitations and some exceptions. These are based on the policy of the lender and the credit of the borrower, as well as on the type of the bond or debenture purchased. However, if your credit is good and the corporate bond is selling over $90, you should have little difficulty making a purchase by putting up only 10 per cent of the purchase price in either cash or an acceptable security.

Your broker charges 5¼ per cent on the loan, whereas the same loan can be obtained from the majority of banks at 4½ per cent. Most banks for some time have refused to operate loan accounts for stock purchases because of the speculative nature of the securities involved. This policy does not apply to bonds or debentures and such loans normally are welcomed by banks.

For our purposes, then, we will assume that the prospective marginal buyer of bonds will use the usual channels. That is, he will make his purchase from an investment dealer and have the dealer send the bonds to the bank stipulated. A saving of ¾ of 1 per cent in interest will thus be obtained.

Now let us look at a concrete example of a purchase of debentures handled on margin.

The speculative investor buys a $10,000 Industrial Acceptance Corporation Limited debenture, 5½ per cent due July 2, 1973 at $101.50 per $100. The face value of the purchase is thus $10,150. The margin required is 10 per cent of this or $1,015. We now deduct this figure from the purchase price and pay interest on the balance of $9,135. Interest on this at the rate of 4½ per cent for one year is $411.07. As the debenture carries 5½ per cent interest, the purchaser would thus receive $550 for the same one-year period. At the end of one year the purchase would thus have a credit balance of interest amounting to $138.93. Only $1,015 has been deposited; therefore, the purchaser actually is receiving $138.93 in interest on this amount. This works out to a return of 13½ per cent.

The Industrial Acceptance Debenture has been used as an example as it also has some possibilities of capital appreciation. If instalment buying of consumer-durables declines, then it would appear likely that the issue might be called for redemption. The redemption price is $105. This applied against the purchase price of $101.50 would give 3½ points profit or $350 extra on the $1,015 invested.

If it is agreed that, in general, bond purchases entail much less risk than stock purchases, then it is evident that the speculator investor can have a very handsome return on his investment with the minimum of worry.

AS capital profit possibilities play an important part in trading in bonds on margin, we should also look to the yield of convertible debentures and "stock warrant" debentures for ideas.

The issue of Canadian Oil Companies, 5 per cent due December 1, 1972, carrying warrants to buy 30 shares of common stock at $14 might be of interest. This time we buy $10,000 at $105, the purchase price being $10,500. We put up in cash $1,050 and pay interest of $425.25 on the balance of $9,450. We receive $500 in interest at 5 per cent from the debenture. This gives a balance of $74.75, which is a return of 7.1 per cent on the $1,050 invested. If our investment speculation is a good one, it is quite possible that within a year the debenture could sell to $108. This would mean a capital gain of three points or $300. This added to the net of $74.75 would, in effect, give a return for one year on the investment of 35.7 per cent.

A return of this kind should satisfy even the greediest speculator. If a speculator can make an annual return of 20 per cent, he generally feels very satisfied with himself.

Another point of interest in regard to transactions of this kind is that the 4½ per cent carrying charges on the loan are deductible from income tax in relation to the interest earned from the investment. Only the net interest return is taxable.

J. Ross Osborne

CANADA SAVINGS BONDS

Are ALWAYS Worth Their Face Value

BECAUSE they can be cashed at any time at full face value plus earned interest, Canada Savings Bonds are the safest investment you can make. This exclusive money back feature is your assurance that Canada Savings Bonds can never be worth less than what you pay for them. No other security can make this claim!

Because they pay a new high interest rate of 3¾%, Canada Savings Bonds are actually better than cash. Idle money doesn't earn you income—but money invested in the new 8th Series Canada Savings Bonds is working for you every day of the year earning interest at the rate of 3¾% per annum. This is the highest interest rate ever offered on Canada Savings Bonds!

Canada Savings Bonds are such good investment value, that the Government has limited individual purchases to $5,000. However you and each member of your family may buy up to this maximum amount.

Canada Savings Bonds are available in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000. Place your order with us today.

AUTHORIZED SALES AGENT

McLEOD, YOUNG, WEIR & COMPANY LIMITED

50 King Street West, Toronto, Telephone: EMpire 4-0161
276 St. James Street West, Montreal, Telephone: HArbour 4261

Ottawa Winnipeg London Hamilton Vancouver Calgary Kitchener Quebec New York

"MY BANK" TO A MILLION CANADIANS

B of M Canada's First Bank

BANK OF MONTREAL

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

AD-101

Dominion and Provincial
Government Bonds
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility
and
Industrial Financing

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

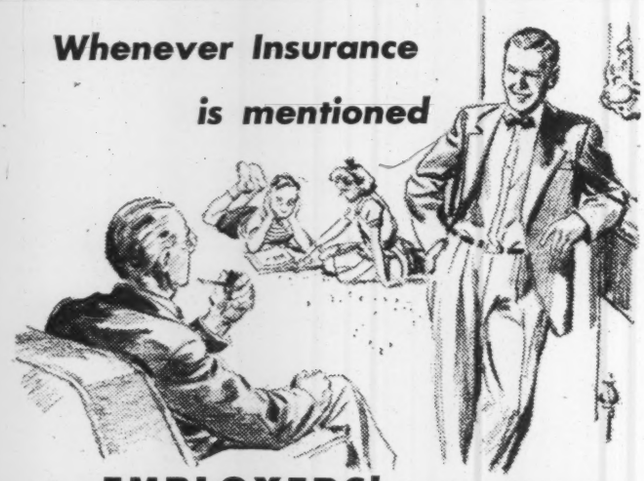
DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

Established 1901

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON ENG. WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER VICTORIA
LONDON KITCHENER BRANTFORD HAMILTON OTTAWA QUEBEC HALIFAX SAINT JOHN

50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

Whenever Insurance is mentioned



the EMPLOYERS' *is thought of for service and dependability*

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED
THE EMPLOYERS' ASSURANCE

Fire, Casualty
and Automobile Insurance
CHARLES CURTIS
Manager for Canada

MONTREAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • EDMONTON • CALGARY • VANCOUVER

Small Oven Furnace
for heat-treatment of
tools and dies
ask for bulletin No. 10E

Wayne Forge & Machine
Company Limited
256 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

Advertising
and
publication printing
Saturday Night Press
71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

Certificate of Registry No. C-1428

has been issued authorizing The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, to transact the business of Automobile Insurance and Accident Insurance, in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

V. R. Willemson is the Chief Agent.

Gold & Dross

Macassa Mines

WHAT DO YOU *think of buying Macassa Mines near 1.60?—I. B. B., Toronto.*

At the present price of 1.50 Macassa is at a ten-year low. It has managed, despite all the adversities gold mining has met, to stay in the slim ranks of the dividend payers. Development work this year has opened up considerable new ore below the 4,750-foot level and the mine apparently has a lengthy life ahead of it.

In addition, Macassa holds a 76 per cent interest in Renabi Mines and a 50 per cent interest in a uranium prospect in Eastern Ontario. This prospect, plus a 15 per cent interest in a Western oil company, could provide some speculative interest in the stock when the strike situation in the gold mines clears up.

The stock seems a fair bet here for income of about 5 per cent and possible appreciation.

Waite Amulet

WOULD YOU *please give me your opinion of Waite Amulet Mines. It is quoted in the vicinity of $10.00 and pays a dividend of $1.40. Why? Do you think this stock is a buy, especially for long holding?—A. B. A., Yarmouth, NS.*

The principal reason for the very high yield available on this stock is that the market is expressing the belief of sellers that earnings and dividends cannot be maintained at present levels with the price structures of all base metals showing considerable weakness.

A copper-zinc producer, Waite Amulet so far has been able to offset the halving of zinc prices by increased production of copper. Copper prices have been fairly steady in the 29-30 per pound range for quite some time, but the slowing of demand for copper, together with the large stocks overhanging the market—Chile alone has more than 100,000 tons—indicates lower prices can be expected.

Zinc, despite its long decline from the 19 cents of 1951 to 10 cents, still appears weak, with December futures quoted at 8.75 cents. The surplus supply of zinc in the United States has reached the point where major producers are making further production cutbacks.

At the present rate of production of approximately 500,000 tons per year, the ore reserves estimated at 1,675,000 tons last December 31 can last little more than three years. Thus the dividend must be considered partly as a capital return. Against this it can be argued that the company, with its strong financial position and its affiliations with the Noranda organization, can join in the development of new property if exploration fails to uncover new ore reserves.

From the chart position of the stock, the recent decline to 9.75 has brought it down to a test of the 1951 low. Should this be broken by a further wave of selling, possibly touched off by a sharp break in the price of copper, down objectives of 8 and 6 will likely be tested.

Considering all the uncertainties of the picture, the stock does not seem attractive for long term investment at this price or time.

Chibougamau Explorers

WHAT WOULD YOU *advise me to do with 1,000 shares of Chibougamau Explorers, purchased at $1.25? —G. E. S., Chicago.*

Chibougamau holds a medium grade copper-gold property in the South Chibougamau area of Quebec. This property is being developed by means of a shaft that has been sunk to a depth of 591 feet. The last report on ore reserves, December 31, 1952, stated that approximately 516,577 tons of ore had been outlined with an average grade of 0.304 ounces of gold and 0.76 per cent copper.

These grades compare rather unfavorably with the grades shown by Campbell Chibougamau Mines.

The market prices of the two stocks, with Campbell Chibougamau selling at $2.65 and Chibougamau Explorers at $0.58 indicates the market's appraisal of the possibilities of both companies.

With the expensive job of shaft sinking still under way, the working capital position, which was shown at $244,903 at October 31, 1952, appears to be rather weak despite the fact that several option instalments have been taken up at $1.13 1/3 per share since then. With only 79,410 shares remaining in the treasury, it is possible that the capital of the company will have to be increased again. Such a development, together with the possibility that exploration work may locate more and better grade ore, could provide the motive power for an advance.

All factors considered, the best course of action we can suggest is that you "ride out" the present phase of the local market, where distress selling is acting as a major depressant, in expectation of a recovery to about $1.

Falconbridge

I HAVE BEEN *holding Falconbridge Nickel for a good many years. Can you tell me how this company has been making out recently and what you consider the prospects for the future?—W. M. P., Winnipeg.*

Holders of all mining securities these days should constantly keep in mind the general outlook for the metal mines, the conclusion of the stockpiling brought about by Korea, and particularly the evidence of current business unrest across the border. Most recent reports by Falconbridge, however, are of local encouragement.

Net profit for the six months ending June 30 amounted to $1,815,288, equal to 49 cents per share, compared with $1,542,444, or 45 cents a share in the same period last year. Working capital rose to $7,065,614 from $5,470,709 at the end of June, 1952.

Sinking of two shafts has started at the Fecunis Mine and development is proceeding at the Hardy, Falconbridge East and Mount Nickel Mines, all of which are expected to be brought into production in 1954.

Bell Telephone

I HAVE BEEN *holding Bell Telephone for a number of years and from time to time have added to my interest. I now notice that the company is engaged in some new financing. Can you tell me how this new offering will affect the overall position and its outlook for future earnings? Do you recommend holding?—R.S.T., Winnipeg, Man.*

Bell Telephone Company of Canada has continued over the years to improve its position both financially and from an operating standpoint. It is never wise, of course, to put any investment portfolio out of balance by too much concentration on one security; assuming that you keep this in mind. Bell Telephone can be recommended for retention and investment purchase.

Further substantial addition to surplus this year, after providing dividends at the established rate on the present and new shares was predicted recently by the company's president Thomas W. Eadie.

Demand for telephone services is at the highest level in the company's history and earnings this year are expected to be materially better than even last year when they amounted to $2.47 per share, the president said.

So far this year the company has added more new telephones than in the corresponding period of any previous year and the use of long-distance and special telephone services has continued to increase. Additional facilities are required to meet the heavy demand for all the company's services.

Mr. Eadie revealed these facts in a letter to shareholders that gave details of the offer of 1,940,000 additional shares to stockholders of record Sept 24 on the basis of one additional share at $31.50 for each five shares held. The offering is expected to provide about $60,000,000 to assist financing further expansion.

In 1952 operating results enabled the company to show a surplus for the year of $4,297,913 to boost that account at the year end to $7,235,194 from $2,936,549 the year before. Surplus account, it was stated, had been depleted to the danger point by lack of adequate earnings in 1949 and 1950.

West Plains

WHAT IS *your opinion of West Plains Oil Resources? What are the prospects of this company?—A. N. B., Fergus, Ont.*

The prospects of West Plains Oil do not appear to be very good at this time. As can be seen from the recent action on the Toronto Stock Exchange, which has driven the oil group down to a new low of 83.17, there is not too much buying interest in the oils.

At the present time all the oil companies will have considerable difficulty in obtaining further financing and small companies which are still in the promotion stage will find it exceedingly difficult.

West Plains, with only minority interests in a few wells and limited finances, falls in the promotion classification. As such its prospects must be considered as doubtful. This opinion is reinforced by the lack of a bid for the stock. And, as we have noted many times, no speculative stock is worth any more than it can be sold for.

If you are considering buying shares in this company, we strongly recommend against it and suggest that you limit purchases in Western Oils to companies which have large oil reserves and large working capital.

Labrador Mining

I AM INTERESTED *in Labrador Mining and Exploration and have been watching the market. Has the mine a satisfactory organization? Why has it dropped so sharply in price recently? Do you recommend purchase? —L. T., Toronto.*

Labrador has a very good managerial group at the head of it, a composite of Hollinger Gold Mines, Armco Steel, Hanna Coal and Ore, National Steel, Republic Steel, Wheeling Steel and Youngstown Sheet & Tube. This group would seem to be a conservative, informed and experienced group.

Steel production in the United States has receded below the 90 per cent mark of theoretical capacity. It promises to go lower with the cutbacks in automotive production, which normally use some 20 per cent of total steel production. Thus this delay in delivery of Labrador iron ores seems likely to prove critical to the fortunes of the company.

If we read our chart of the market action of this stock correctly, long term distribution has already produced a "top" of no mean proportions above 9. It appears that the decline can be extended to about 5 before any real support is met.

In Brief

WHAT IS *your opinion of Miller Copper Mines? Should I sell?—E. J. M., Montreal.*

Yes, you should sell.

What is your opinion of Silver Tip Gold Mines? — J. H., Osayoos, BC.

Not a good buy.

•

Subscribers requesting information from Gold & Dross are asked to limit their queries to one company. We cannot undertake to review lists of stocks.

W.P.S.

Sterling Balances and Securities Blocked in the United Kingdom

Residents of Canada owning sterling bank balances and securities blocked in the United Kingdom may negotiate them to realize Canadian dollars.

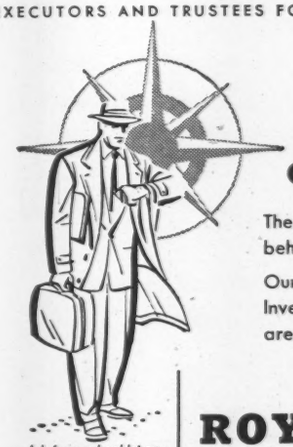
The facilities of any of our offices in Canada are available and all necessary details are attended to by our London, England office.

Settlement of transactions can be effected readily and the rate now prevailing represents only a nominal discount from the ordinary exchange rate.

You are invited to contact any of our offices.

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY



going on a trip?

Then leave some of your worries behind—with us.

Our Standing-by Attorney, and Investment Management services are available at very little cost.

Ask for our booklet on Management Service.

THE **ROYAL TRUST** COMPANY

OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

SHERWOOD INN

LAKE JOSEPH — MUSKOKA

Every facility for meetings of executive groups at one of Canada's finest country Inns — open the year round.

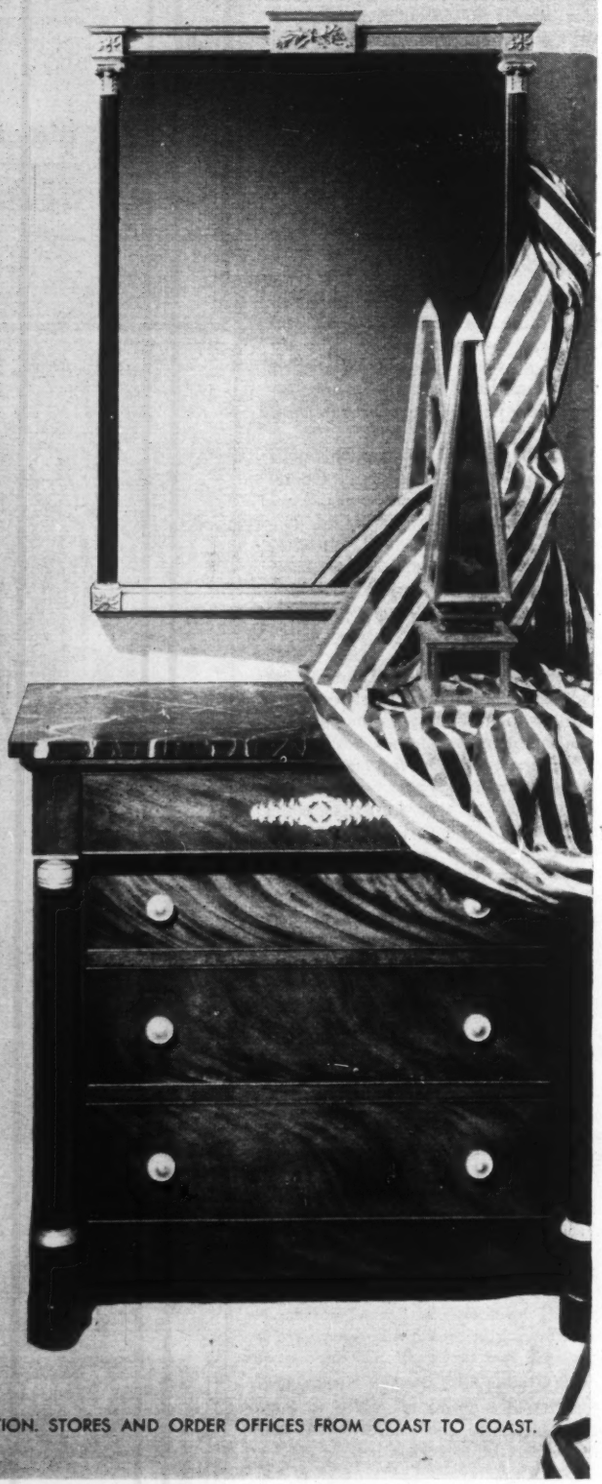
GLEN ORCHARD • PHONE PORT CARLING 42

THE **Casualty Company of Canada**
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
H. S. GOODERHAM, President
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

EATON'S

The French Empire Period,

one of grandeur,
reflects Napoleon's emulation
of an earlier Caesar!
Chaste and simple
classic lines, sometimes
delicate but often bold, derive
great elegance from Roman
forms of Art . . . from
the splendours
of ebony and marble,
by a profusion of brass
and gilt, through
elaborate display
of bric-a-brac. To create
a period setting with
the true flavour of this
gorgeous age, authentic styling,
rich fabrics and magnificent
ornaments are needed!
And, at Eaton's, we make
a specialty of
fine furniture, furnishings
and rare accessory
pieces to achieve the essence
of any important
traditional style, including
the French Empire Period.



EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION. STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST.

Fashion

THE ELEGANCE of this year's fashions is very apparent in the Fall shows. In Toronto, Simpson's "Designers' Collection" was shown a week before Eaton's presentation, aptly entitled "The Importance of Elegance."

Simpson's stressed the six important new features: the Sylph silhouette, with its willow line; the shorter length skirt; the custom costume of slender dress and longer length coat; the "little hat"; the interest in camel color; and the gamin Italian hair cut. Particularly noted was the emphasis on wool dresses for late day wear. Commentator Rosemary Boxer mentioned that they are included in every fashion report from Paris.

Among the European imports were some beautiful gowns by Marty of Switzerland. We liked especially a grey pure silk organza, with white Chantilly lace appliqués, diamante and beading. Another show-stopping costume was an Anthony Blotta Original from New York — a slim midnight blue wool crêpe dress, topped by a straight column jacket, elegantly lined with white mink.

Unusually dramatic was the short formal in peacock green jersey, with flying back panels of blue-violet taffeta. The neckline was convertible; it could be worn over the head, dropped down into a deep back cowl, or twisted and worn as an over-the-shoulder cuffed effect.

The fashionable combination of black and brown was highlighted in a wrap coat of polished black wool, with wide brown velvet insets in the push-up sleeves. The door gifts were miniature lip pencils in Elizabeth Arden's "Striking" red shade.

A beautiful collection from five distinguished Spanish designers was included among the *Haute Couture* originals at Eaton's fashion show. The black Chantilly evening gown from Santa Eulalia is typical of their exquisite workmanship and design; a photograph of it appears on page 33. Ireland was represented again by Sybil Connolly, featuring hand-woven woollens and delicate lace made by Carrichmacross nuns. One of her ball gowns was of "Pink Ice" lace and satin; and there was a charcoal and white wool-and-mohair suit, with a bishop's cape.

Sensation of the show was a fur coat — a golden-beige champagne mink coat priced at $12,500. It was the first time, commentator Dora Matthews pointed out, that such pelts had been shown in a coat in Canada.

For a few years now, Eaton's has displayed hats by means of color films. This time, accessories were shown, too, including this year's popular little fur pieces. The hats were mostly small; many were jewelled. We also noted many bronze and gunmetal colored shoes, a fashion point that should not be overlooked. The opening show was sponsored by the American Women's Club, to raise money for the Toronto Women's Hospital. Small vials of Gourielli's "Five O'Clock" perfume were distributed at the door.

EVENING GOWN *of Christmas white guipure lace and net, with diamante embroidery, by Simmone of London. From Simpson's Designers' Collection.*

Women

EVENING GOWN *with floating tiers of black Chantilly lace, and accents of pink satin, by Santa Eulalia. From Eaton's Spanish collection.*

Photo by Paul Rockett

Conversation Pieces:

WE DROPPED IN to see some lamps at the Lindsay Studios on Bloor Street, Toronto's Fifth Avenue. The handsome rooms, the diverse and rare merchandise deny the impromptu origin of the company. Back in the Depression, Benjamin Lindsay's mother-in-law took a world cruise. All the family were fond of antiques and interesting jewellery, but were rather overwhelmed when she sent home from China what amounted to a consignment of costume jewellery and knick-knacks. They couldn't begin to use them. Then they happened to notice on Bloor Street a store with a front room to rent for $35 a month. It was January, the worst time for selling, but they decided to try to dispose of the merchandise. A month later they knew they were in business for good and went to New York to buy. They added furniture, china, glass and light fixtures. Mr. Lindsay is particularly proud of his present collection of lamps. Many of them have bases which are replicas of original antiques, such as a Wedgwood urn or a Turkish wine bottle. One is a copy of an oil lamp used by a provincial Chamber of Deputies in France.

At the sixth annual meeting of the Canadian Association of Consumers, we met energetic Mrs. D. L. Whitby, of Truro, NS, who, single-handed, organized the first and only Local Branch (Truro) in Nova Scotia and in the last year has helped to raise individual membership throughout the Province from 139 to 308, an increase of 121 per cent.

The Province of Quebec is generously providing scholarships for outstanding talent in many fields. Latest to win awards are soprano Edwige Riviere, of Outremont, who goes to New York for further study, and mezzo-soprano Aline Dansereau, of Montreal, at present studying in Italy.

Members of the Junior League of Toronto have been writing and producing a weekly radio show for children for some years. *Sounds Fun* is intended, we gather, to counteract the usual type of program offered youngsters by showing that things in the everyday world can be fun too. They have evidently succeeded, for this Fall when they return to the air on Oct. 10, they have been "promoted" to the Trans-Canada network.

In the early Roman calendar, October was the eighth (octo) month in the 10-month year and kept its name when it became the tenth month in the new calendar. The Anglo-Saxons called it "Winterfylleth," because, at this time of the full moon, winter was supposed to begin.

Appointments: Dr. Margaret E. Nix, of Winnipeg, has been appointed to the department of health and social medicine of McGill University. She has her Doctor of Philosophy degree from the University of Michigan where she studied on a fellowship from the Kellogg Foundation. Joan Moore, graduate of the universities of Alberta and British Columbia, has been appointed to the YWCA staff in India, where she will recruit and train a native staff and volunteer workers.

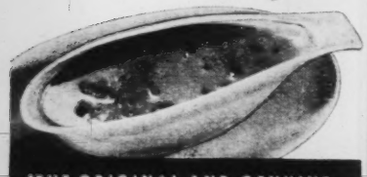
Weddings: Paulette Ferland, daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice C. E. Ferland, Town of Mount Royal, Que., to Dr. Lambert Archambault, son of the late Charles Archambault, NP, of Ahuntsic, Que.; Jane Edythe Lamport, daughter of Toronto's Mayor Allan A. Lamport, to Glen Johnson Day, son of Ralph Day, a former mayor of Toronto; Judith Ryrie Bickle, daughter of E. W. Bickle, to William Price Wilder, both of Toronto; Claudette Jobin, daughter of Canadian-born tenor Raoul Jobin, of the Paris Opera Company, to Jacques Taschereau, of Quebec City; Flora Anne Chaffe, daughter of Redvers Chaffe, to Donald Bruce Cannon, son of W. Carl Cannon, both of Toronto.

how to make a 'ravey' gravy...

LEA & PERRINS*

BELONGS... ON YOUR TABLE AND IN YOUR COOKING

The same fine sauce which, for over 100 years, has enhanced the cuisine of world-famous restaurants.



*THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

GOLF in a climate just right for Canadians

The cool, invigorating, pine-scented air makes Pinehurst the ideal place for Canadians to spend the winter – or a short holiday. Not hot or humid and not too cold for golf at its best. 4 famous courses. Fine hotels – good food – courteous service. Moderate rates. The large winter colony of Canadians enjoy the congenial country club atmosphere. Also riding, bowling on the green and dancing. For reservations write Pinehurst, Inc., 36 Dogwood Road, Pinehurst, N.C.

DOMUS STUDIO

interior designers

custom furniture

483 Eglinton Ave. W.
HU. 9-6888

LOOKING *at the "Jane Avril" poster: l to r, Mr. Martin Baldwin, Director of the Art Gallery of Toronto, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. S. C. Snively, President of the Women's Committee, and Mr. Snively.*

AMUSED *by "Reine de Joie": Mr. and Mrs. Gordon A. Russell. Mrs. Russell was the former Betty Joyce Phelan.*

The Toulouse-Lautrec Opening

at the Art Gallery of Toronto

PRESIDENT *of the Gallery, C. P. Fell, and Mrs. Fell, in front of the less well-known "Eldorado" poster.*

JOAN RIGBY

104 BLOOR STREET WEST
TORONTO

Dresses Suits Coats

Accessories

Bridal Department,
KI. 9549

Accessory Department,
MI. 7636

Store, MI. 4969

Ontario Ladies' College

WHITBY, ONTARIO

Residential and Day School for Girls, near Toronto. Grades 1 to 13 and Vocational. Valuable entrance scholarships. Write for prospectus.

REV. S. L. OSBORNE
B.A., B.D., Mus. D.,
Principal

93-2

SEA LEGS

Bracing salt air off the broad Atlantic puts new spring into your gait. You feel fit—ready to enjoy every minute of your stay in Atlantic City. There's diversion aplenty in and close by Hotel Dennis, where we'll do everything to make you feel at home. A great family hotel, with moderate rates.

Hotel DENNIS
Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY
Write or telephone for reservations

BESIDE *the famous poster of "La Goulue au Moulin Rouge": l to r, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Burton, Mrs. R. Y. Eaton and Mr. Eaton, a former president of the Gallery.*

WITH *"In the Circus Fernando: the Ringmaster" as a background: l to r, Mrs. John Hoolihan, Lois Sladz, Mrs. Harold D. Warren, Mrs. J. Gerald Godsoe, Mrs. E. P. Taylor.*

Photos by Gerald Campbell of Ashley & Crippen

Under 30...

the carefree years

with Elizabeth Arden's Basic Ritual

These are the years when momentous things happen, IF you are lovely. And you *can* be with Elizabeth Arden's rare essentials.

The Elizabeth Arden Basic Ritual for Young Skin

Cleanse . . . Skin Deep Milky Cleanser for oily or blemished skin, 1.75 to 5.00
Refresh . . . with Ardena Skin Lotion, 1.35 to 12.50
Smooth . . . with Ardena Velva Cream for normal skin, 1.50 and 4.25
Ardena Orange Skin Cream for dry skin, 1.65 to 11.25
Ardena Astringent Cream for oily skin, 2.50

Elizabeth Arden

SIMPSON'S, TORONTO

And At Smartest Shops In Every Town

easily ***DISTINGUISHED***

in a **GRENFELL**

There's something about a Grenfell that stands out in the crowd. It *looks* distinguished and *feels* outstandingly comfortable. Cut for freedom in action from a unique cloth, it combines minimum weight with maximum protection. Originally designed for Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, it's the choice of distinguished explorers and sportsmen all over the world.

GOLF JACKETS • RAINCOATS • SPORTSWEAR

GRENFELL CLOTH

Supplied in a range of attractive colours. If your local retailer does not stock Grenfell garments, write to

DEACON BROTHERS

LIMITED, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

Lamps . . .
In The Grand Tradition

ONE OF THE REPLICAS OF FABULOUS OLD WORLD ANTIQUES BEING FEATURED EXCLUSIVELY BY US.

The original of this Empire column lamp was produced in Paris in the late 1800s. The modern replica, shown, in heavy cast metal, is black with golden bronze coloured decoration, the hand sewn washable shade individually designed to complement the line and period of the column.

32 inches tall, it is priced at 34.95 complete.

LINDSAY STUDIOS
LIMITED
80 BLOOR WEST - - - - - - - - - - - TORONTO

Our Mail Order Dept. Will Give Your Orders Careful Attention

EACH WEEK
Saturday Night
brings to Canada's Leading Women pertinent features on . . .

beauty, fashion, entertainment, food, travel, cultural activities, and society.

Keep informed by reading
SATURDAY NIGHT
Canada's Weekly Journal of Informed Comment

THE FAMOUS *hat designer, "Mr. John", will make a rare personal appearance in Canada, on Oct. 16, as commentator for the "Fabulous Fashion Show" being presented by the Toronto Branch of the National Ballet Guild, in conjunction with Holt Renfrew. Naturally, many of his hats will be shown. This Fall, his collection reveals a decided Venetian influence, following his summer trip to Venice. He is pictured, at left, wearing the traditional hat of the Italian student, with the Venice harbor, and the church of Santa Maria della Salute, in the background.*

Take Me There, James!

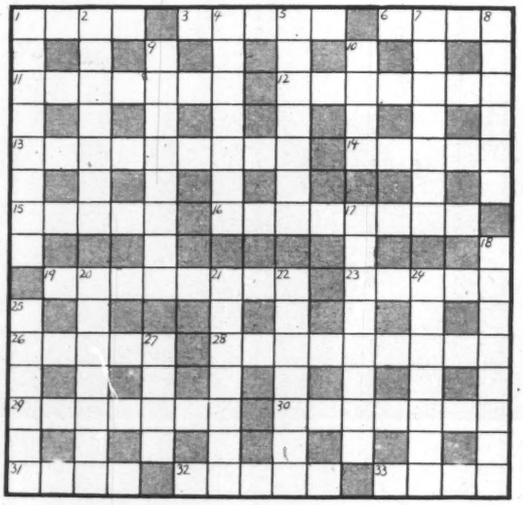
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. 3, 1 across. Certainly the hive should be, to the bee. (4,5,4)
6. A mite like this and 33? (4)
11. Law connected with a marital disturbance. (7)
12. The curve that goes to a woman's head? (7)
13. What one expects to flow has the flow changed. (9)
14. Those having a run on diamonds should take three on the way home. (5)
15. Palindromic defence, designed mainly by two eminent artists. (5)
16. No! I end my poem in another way, Keats might have said. (8)
19. Tossing back and forth from a mixture of gin with five parts of brandy. (8)
23. It takes a great number to make game of this. (5)
26. Pointed by the dog in the manger? (5)
28. Formal bearing of the ice-man? (9)
29. Could a member of the charge of the Light Brigade be termed half a one? (7)
30, 1 across. If you can feel boxed up in this place, you shouldn't be here. (7,4)
31. One may avoid it by taking the bull by the horns. (4)
32. See 1 down.
33. See 6. (4)

DOWN

1. 32. Movement of a kangaroo back to its habitat? (8,5)
2. It tired me to change for this. (7)
4. When yours is worn out, you should head for home. (7)
5. One who did, was out of breath, no doubt. (7)
7. I'm past taking nothing for my work, the painter might say. (7)
8. How the author of "Tristram Shandy" might have used his surname for a christian one. (6)
9. When one is, one may appear glassy-eyed. (8)
10. A sound one is very necessary to a climber. (4)
17. Ford can afford to think in these. (8)
18. Polly got a cracker (jack) for languages. (8)
20. In a car, rear seats are certainly behind. (7)
21. We imply no answer for this, but you're getting hot! (7)
22. Strangely, if the fingers lose these, they appear in grotesque shape. (7)
24. Sound test perhaps, of a measure of distilled water, eau, for instance. (7)
25. Has the cockney's 1 across been rented for a good meal? (6)
27. Musical head of 28. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Incisors
5. Escape
9. Patience
10. Planet
11. Diatribe
12. Kisser
14. Stagnation
18. Under-cover
22. Incite
23. Eminence
24. Entrée
25. Envelope
26. Surest
27. Assayers

DOWN

1. Impede
2. Cat-nap
3. Shears
4. Rock bottom
6. Sullivan
7. Agnostic
8. Entering
13. Agreements
15. Business
16. Educator
17. Fritters
19. Angela
20. Undone
21. Recess

Costly delays?

modern business uses Private Wire Teletype

Instant, accurate PW Teletype avoids costly delays in getting information to and from your branches . . . gives you multiple copies of most office or business forms on continuous sprocket-feed rolls, for filing or routing for department use. Permanent, identical records avoid mistakes. A confidential, accurate Private Wire Teletype network can easily be installed to serve your business, whether large or small.

Have our communications experts demonstrate how PW can work for you.

PRIVATE WIRE *Teletype* SERVICE

CANADIAN PACIFIC — CANADIAN NATIONAL

HANDLING MORE THAN 75% OF ALL CANADIAN TELETYPE SERVICE

HEDGE PLANTS

Strong, bushy, field grown

		Each per 5 or more	Each per 25 or more	Distance apart to plant
ALPINE CURRANT	12-15 in.	$ .70	$ .60	15 in.
" "	15-18 in.	.80	.70	15 in.
" "	18-24 in.	.90	.80	18 in.
SMALL LEAF MOCK ORANGE	18-24 in.	.70	.60	15 in.
SMALL LEAF MOCK ORANGE	2-3 ft.	.80	.70	15 in.
AMUR PRIVET	15-18 in.	.40	.35	1 ft.
" "	18-24 in.	.55	.45	1 ft.
" "	2-3 ft.	.60	.55	1 ft.
REDLEAF BARBERRY	12-15 in.	.80	.70	15 in.
" "	15-18 in.	.90	.80	15 in.
" "	18-24 in.	1.10	1.00	15 in.

For full list of Evergreens, Trees, Shrubs, Roses and Perennials, send for illustrated CATALOGUE. Free on request.

A LANDSCAPE SERVICE

THE SHERIDAN NURSERIES LIMITED

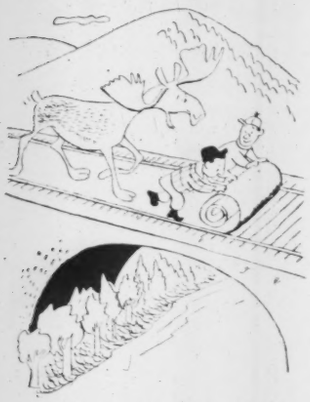
HEAD OFFICE: 4 St. Thomas St., Toronto 5.
SALES STATIONS: 2827 Yonge St. (at Strathgowan), Toronto
Lakeshore No. 2 Highway at Clarkson, Ont.
5975 Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal, P.Q.

DOING BUSINESS ...ANYWHERE

As Canada's trade has grown, the chartered banks have built up and extended banking and commercial contacts around the world. Today, quickly and directly, your local bank manager can obtain market information, arrange letters of credit, transfer funds and provide all the other banking services that help to overcome obstacles of distance, language and custom.

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

Roll out the carpet!



UP NORTH, moose have the habit of using snowplowed railway lines as their personal promenades. OK until they come to a bridge; then Mr. Moose is likely to get caught between the ties, break his legs and otherwise gum things up. So the railways lay what they call "moose carpets" of aluminum between the rails and over the ties at spots where His Lordship may need safe footing.

It just goes to show how aluminum's combination of lightness, strength and resistance to weather comes in handy in the most unlikely places . . . And to explain why, in 1954, our aluminum capacity will be boosted to over a billion pounds a year. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

EXPORT "A"
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

The Backward Glance

65 Years Ago This Week In Saturday Night

SATURDAY NIGHT for October 13, 1888, carried the fourth instalment of a new feature called "Distinguished People Series." The distinguished person 65 years ago this week was Miss Julia Neilson, an English actress who had made her first appearance on the London stage in Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea*. Just for fun we looked back over the three previous issues to find out who the other "distinguished people" were who had had their photos on the front page of SATURDAY NIGHT: they were Coloman Tisza de Boros Jen, the Prime Minister of Hungary; Sadi-Carnot, President of France; and Rosina Vokes, the English pantomime actress.

Under the heading of "Varsity Chat" we read that "Mr. S. B. Leacock, '90, will attend Strathroy training school till Christmas." And further down the column we saw that, "Freshmen are content to style themselves J. E. and J. L., but with sophomores it is not so. With a courage born of security these embryonic aristocrats bloom out as J. Edmund and J. Lyndon. First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. The circumstance is unimportant in itself to be sure, but still suggestive." Well, we know one sophomore of that time who didn't follow the trend, but began to call himself Stephen Leacock, rather than S. Butler Leacock, and he's mentioned in the same column.

Edmund E. Sheppard, the founder and editor of this magazine, has reached a modicum of fame in Canada by having a block-long street in downtown Toronto named after him, but he failed to leave a lasting mark in the literary field. His failure was not for lack of trying, for he seems to have written reams of copy in the style of today's love pulp stories. Chapter 3 of his current serial was running in the SATURDAY NIGHT under review, a sticky piece of pastry called "A Bad Man's Sweetheart." Some of his other published titles were, "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," and "Widower Jones."

Every time we see a corset advertisement we are reminded once again of the old French proverb, "the more things change, the more they remain the same." The old issues of SATURDAY NIGHT were spotted with corset ads, and last week, while glancing through a modern magazine, we came across our old friend the corset disguised under a new name. It is now called a "French form garment" or some such euphemism, but it is the same old corset, bones, strings and all.

Once upon a time, in the dim dead days when our outlook only reached as far as the next penny grab-bag or plug of licorice, our school-teacher set the class to work composing a short story involving the travels of a one-cent piece. Some weird and wonderful things happened to the pennies in our compositions, all the way from being put in a blind man's cup (a favorite but apocryphal use of a penny in *our* neighborhood) to being placed aside to pay off the family mortgage. We were always under the impression that these literary and monetary excursions had been confined to the classroom until we saw the same thing, only involving a dollar bill, in SATURDAY NIGHT of 65 years ago. The story was titled "The Adventures of A Dollar Bill," and it was written in the first person singular, from the point of view of the dollar bill. This bill got around, from a store clerk (he received $4.00 weekly salary), to an undertaker, then to "a man of fashion," and then to "a wanton."

But we're ahead of our story. You see, the store clerk and his sweetheart were drowned, and the undertaker took his $4.00 salary from the dead clerk's pocket. As the writer says, ". . . for what will not an undertaker do, and where will he not put his hand for money?" Then the undertaker gave the dollar to the "man of fashion" who in turn gave it to "the wanton." At this stage the dollar bill —which should have had more sense —said, ". . . and I confess I would sooner have rotted with the corpse of the clerk."

The wanton gave the dollar bill to the Missionary Society (!) but the poor bill never got out to Uganda, but was given away by the minister to a poor Negro, and so on, through the hands of a landlord, a bishop, a wine merchant, a scissors-grinder, a gypsy, a farmer, and, after going through more hands than it took to build the Erie Canal, finally ended up in a gambler's pocket, where it was pierced by the same bullet that ended this dastard's gambling career.

The entertainment picture in Toronto 65 years ago was a varied one. Besides the Cyclorama presentation of The Battle of Sedan, mentioned here before, there was the Philippoteaux "Grand Painting of Christ Entering Jerusalem" at the Shaftsbury Hall, *Romany Rye* playing at the Toronto Opera House, Prof. Geo. W. Blish and his Readings and Recitations, at Association Hall, and Archduke Joseph's Hungarian Gypsy Band, playing at the Permanent Exhibition of Manufacturers on Front Street.

And how's this for a whizzer of a limerick: "There was a young lady of Rio, who tried to play Hummel's Grand Trio, but her skill was so scanty, she played it *andante*, instead of *allegro con brio*."

IN OCTOBER 1888 the world, including SATURDAY NIGHT, was agog with speculation about what were then called "the Whitechapel Murders," but which we know now as the killings of Jack-the-Ripper. The editor said, "Personally, I *have* a theory, which I have decided to keep to myself until the murderer is caught." We hope he didn't hold his breath until then, for as we all know, the murderer was never caught.

Likes and dislikes, especially for people, change with the times, and not only was the person whom we know as "Jack-the-Ripper" quite a popular figure in the England of his day, but SATURDAY NIGHT voiced a love for Napoleon Bonaparte, of whom it says, "Often has my heart thrilled with a sympathy . . . beside that tomb under the dome of the Invalides, in the bright merry days of the Second Empire, when the old pensioner gravely smiled at my free schoolboy translation of the last request of the great Bonaparte that his ashes might rest amongst the people he had loved so well."

We hope that our grandchildren will never thrill beside the tomb of Joseph Stalin or a memorial to Hitler or Mussolini. And by the way, what happened to Stalin's body? Not that we care too much.

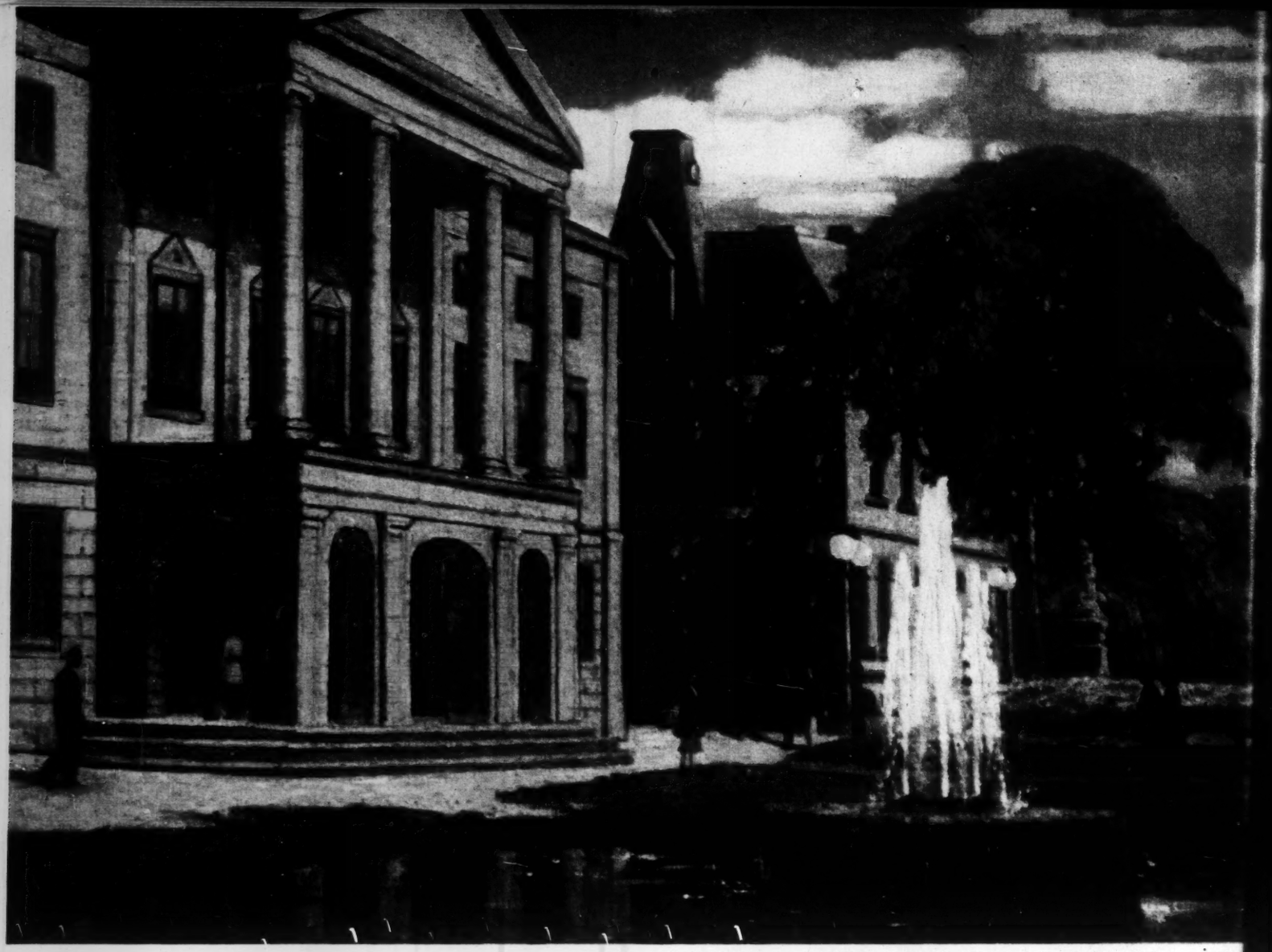
INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	17
BUSINESS	27
CHESS	23
CROSSWORD	36
FILMS	10
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	7
LETTERS	5
LETTER FROM MONTREAL	12
LIGHTER SIDE	16
MUSIC	22
OTTAWA LETTER	14
PASSING SHOW	20
SPORTS	25
WOMEN	32

SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69 NO. 1 WHOLE NO. 3153

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Wilson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillias England, John Wilcock; Assistant to the Editor, Fern Rahmel; Contributing Editors, Jim Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York); Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 331 Madison Ave.; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Good
in any
weather
STORE UP
CANADA SAVINGS BONDS
On sale starting October 19th



Charlottetown, painted for the Seagram Collection by Frances-Anne Johnston, A.R.C

Seagram SHOWS THE WORLD

the distinctive character of Canadian cities

The House of Seagram dramatically describes this great Canada of ours in a new series of advertisements now being published throughout the world. Presenting Canadian cities, as interpreted by Canada's distinguished artists, these advertisements are in keeping with The House of Seagram's continual efforts to help make Canada . . . her people . . . her rich natural resources . . . her products . . . and her tremendous future better known in other lands.

FRANCES-ANNE JOHNSTON, A.R.C.A. Daughter of Franz Johnston, an original member of the Group of Seven. Born in Toronto and studied at the Ontario College of Art. Married to artist Franklin Arbuckle. In 1947 she exhibited by invitation in the New York "All Women Exhibition."

And, to foster still further world-wide recognition of Canada and her culture, The House of Seagram is now exhibiting these original paintings of Canadian cities by Canadian artists in many major cities of the world, including San Juan, Havana, Mexico City, Caracas, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rome, Paris, Geneva, Stockholm, Madrid and London.

In this way, The House of Seagram once again demonstrates its faith in the stature of all things Canadian.

The House of Seagram